JOHN BULL, MARCH 16, 1929
TWOPENCE

JOHN BULL

No. 1187.
Vol. XLV.

OVER A MILLION SALE

For all Forms of WEAKNESS....

For years Doctors have freely prescribed WINCARNIS during convalescence. They know that the choice red wine, extracts of beef and vitamin-malt, and the valuable hypophosphite contained in it are unequalled for building up systems weakened by illness.

After Influenza

One of the great dangers of Influenza is the weakness which follows it and makes the sufferer an easy victim to every passing infection.
Writing about this very subject. an eminent Harley Street Physician states :—

> **"The debility that follows Influenza requires a strengthening tonic. I have prescribed WINCARNIS for many years for this purpose, and nothing that I know can take its place."**

Remember, it takes 2½ lbs. of grapes to make a bottle of WINCARNIS, together with vitamin-malt, strengthening beef-extract, and a nerve-feeding hypophosphite.
If you are weak, weary, sleepless or depressed, get WINCARNIS—IT MUST DO YOU GOOD.

WINCARNIS

THE WINE OF LIFE

Recommended by 18,000 Medical Men

Obtainable from all Wine Merchants, Licensed Grocers, and Licensed Chemists

Aldwych

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MAKE MORE MONEY.

Sell Tablecloths, Towels, Silk Stockings, Overalls, Men's Socks, Ties, etc. A 1,000 Bargains. The Oldest, Largest, Cheapest and Best Wholesale Firm. Write now for Catalogue and Guide. Cochrane's Warehouse, 3 Thomas St., Manchester.

DRAPERS.—Buy your supplies of Drapery, Linens, Bedding, Remnants, Men's Overalls, Hosiery, direct, and save middle profits. Largest stocks in the Trade. List Free.—H. Clegg (Dept. B.), Turner St., Manchester. (Estab. 1910.)

MONEY-MAKING Bargains for Shopkeepers and Beginners.—Sell manufacturers' clearing lines and travellers' samples in general Drapery much below ordinary price. Big profit certain. Wholesale Catalogue free.—Wolfson's Warehouse, 48, Thomas Street, Manchester.

CHEAPEST Wholesale House for beginners for drapery, hosiery, boots, etc. Write for free cat. —H. Marks, 65, Houndsditch, London, E.1.

DRAPERY remnants for money-making. Wholesale lists free.—S. Lonsdale & Son, Dept. J.B., Textile Clearing House, Faulkner Street, Manchester

FREE LIST to Dealers and Beginners for saleable lines in Hosiery, Drapery, Haberdashery, etc. Wholesale only.—Levy Bros., Dept. M., 39, Houndsditch, E.1.

CHEAPEST FIRM FOR HOSIERY, Overalls, Underwear, Drapery, Beginners, etc. Cat. free. Wholesale.—S. MOSCO (Dept. J.B.S), Lever St., Piccadilly, Manchester.

SHOPKEEPERS, TRADERS, etc. Send for illustrated Catalogue of Fancy Goods, Easy lines to sell, safe lines to stock. Keen prices.—Nieso Co. (Dept. J.B.), 37, Barbican, London, E.C.1.

SEND £2 for sample parcel of Fents. Good marketing Lines. No Rubbish.—Ribble Fent Co., 24, Gloucester Court, Preston.

AGENTS WANTED.

EARN £2 to £5 weekly. Run a bed-clothing Club amongst friends. No outlay. Particulars free. —Carlisle Mills Co., Dept. 11, Birstall, Leeds.

EARN £3 Weekly, plus Bonus.—Run Bed-clothing, Drapery and Fancy Clubs amongst Friends. No outlay. Illustrated catalogue free. —Grove Mills Co. (Dept. M.), Birstall, nr. Leeds.

PROFITABLE GOODS TO SELL in your spare Time; every kind, good profits. 160-page Catalogue free. MAY (175), George St., Birmingham.

A WELL-PAID AGENCY is offered to men who can collect accounts and introduce new customers for our famous Double Wear Pants and Shoes, Suits, Costumes, Bedding, etc. Expd. Canvassers and men with spare time in every town and village are invited to write for particulars to Masters, Ltd., Rye, Sussex. Est. 1869.

IMPORTANT Lawn Tennis and General Sports Goods Manufacturer requires Agents, whole or spare time, to sell advertised guaranteed goods at keen prices (cash or deferred terms) to Clubs and individuals.—Write B.M./BVGV, London, W.C.1.

EMPLOYMENT.

MOTOR DRIVERS.—Special training for Private or Commercial Service. THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING trains to the standard of the ROYAL AUTOMOBILE CLUB Official Certificate, which is the only standard of proficiency ACCEPTED BY EMPLOYERS. Employment Department licensed by the L.C.C.—CALL or write for full particulars, BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING, LTD., 5, COVENTRY ST., PICCADILLY CIRCUS, W.1. (Corner of Rupert Street, next Lyons' Corner House.)

KNITTERS wanted to Work GOLDEN FLEECE Knitting Machines at home; guaranteed wage for output, experience not necessary. Send 1d. stamp for prospectus.—S. B. M. CO., Dept. 193, 91, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.

KNITTERS wanted to work IMPERIA Knitting Machines at home; experience unnecessary. We guarantee to buy your work at good rates. —Write, IMPERIA Hosiery Mfg. Co., Ltd. (Dept. 62), 245, Tottenham Court Rd., London.

EARN £3—£6 weekly as a Certificated Bookkeeper. Individual postal tuition, 10/- monthly. Success guaranteed. Position found when qualified, or fee returned. Booklet, testimonials, prize scheme free.—City Correspondence College (D.9), 89, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.

100% PROFIT MADE by selling ladies' silk stockings to friends. We supply most profitable lines. BARGAIN catalogue free— LONDON'S LEADING HOUSE, Nickson's, Manfrs., Broadway Chambers, London, W.6

WANT to join the Police? Study at home to pass educational test.—Write Secretary, Force Correspondence College, Kew, Surrey.

BOYS (ages 14-19) WANTED for CANADA, AUSTRALIA and NEW ZEALAND. Farm training, outfit, free and assisted passages provided. The Salvation Army keeps in touch with boys after settlement in the Dominions. Make immediate application.—The Branch Manager, 3, Upper Thames Street, London, E.C.4.

POLICE ENTRANCE EXAMINATION.—Expert postal tuition. Success guaranteed. For particulars, write, Service Correspondence College, Thatcham, Newbury.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES, SERVICES.

"DO YOU ADVERTISE?" Advertisement inserted in 56 Provincial newspapers or London and Suburban, 7/10; Welsh, 3/3. Large or small Mail Order Campaign Experts. Advice free. Prospectus.—Central Press (Dept. 60), 323, High Holborn, London, W.C.1. 'Phone: Chancery 8113.

START a Business in Drapery, etc., from £1 upwards. Special attention to Widows and Beginners.—Write for advice and list to H. Levaine (Dept. J.B.), 143, Houndsditch, E.1.

CHEAP PRINTING.—1,000 Billheads fr. 3/6, Handbills fr. 7/6. Memos, Business Cards, etc. Samp. Free.—Cretaway Press, 8, Buxted, Sussex.

PRINTING.—10,000 Handbills or Billheads at 3/3 per 1,000. Samples for all trades with list of 867 prices sent for 2d. postage.—Mead and Son, Room 60, Sandy, Bedfordshire.

BARGAIN SALES.

MAKE A GOOD LIVING buying and selling? Use famous sale and exchange columns of "THE EXCHANGE & MART." Thousands of amazing offers weekly. 2d. all newsagents; Specimen free from J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, E.C.1.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate: 6s. per line averaging six words, Minimum Charge 27s.

Advertisements must be received not later than Thursday for the following Thursday's issue.

Address: The Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 57-59 Long Acre, London, W.C.2

WALLPAPERS direct from 2½d. per roll. Send for patterns post free.—West Riding Wallpaper Co., 53, Trinity Street, Leeds.

KNITTING WOOL BUNDLES 5/6 for 1½ lb. for Socks, etc. Navy, Grey and White Yarn 5/10 lb. Post free. Ratis. of Serges, Tweeds, etc.—Face Tow Bur..etts, W.B. W'house, Wellington, Som.

WALLPAPERS from mills from 2½d. roll. New Designs. Patterns post free. — Osborne Mills (Dept. 5), Mossdale Road, Manchester.

CHINA from Works. Home Outfits, 22/6. Badged Ware, etc. Keenest prices. Clubs, Schools, Bazaars, Merchants. Cat. free. Goods guarant'd. Liverpool Pottery, 34, Burslem, Staffs.

READERS interested in Portable Gramophones should read the LISSEN announcement on page 31.

WRITE for Free Catalogue and new List of Gramophones and Pianos in the MIDLAND FURNISHING CO'S advt. on page 23.

MARKETING BY POST.

TEA.—Buy direct, save middleman's profit. Indian and Ceylon Specially blended, 4 lb. 6/6, 10 lb. 12/-. Carr. paid. TEA DUST, 7 lb. 7/-, 10 lb. 9/6.—Poulter & Co., Dane Place, Bow, E.3.

THIS PORTABLE WIRELESS FOR 10/- DOWN

AN AMAZING ACHIEVEMENT

The outstanding feature of this amazing portable receiver is the absolute ease with which you can tune-in to your choice of Broadcast stations. Set the tuning dial—and switch on. At once your selected programme fills the room. And this without aerial or earth. Even if you are a beginner you will have no difficulty in getting perfect reproduction on long or short waves. If you don't like your first choice, switch over to another station. It's perfectly simple and quick.

The Steval Super-Three is a light portable, will give you clear and pure reception anywhere, has negligible upkeep costs, and is guaranteed for one year. It is the invention of the British Industries Fair! the outstanding wireless production of 1929. And it can be yours for only 10/- down.

12 GNS. ONLY

CASH PRICE, including Marconi Royalty and full equipment, as below, or 10/- down and 5/- a week afterwards to all approved accounts. Carriage paid U.K.

EQUIPMENT
IN SUPER-THREE PORTABLE

Strongly made and beautifully finished Leatherette Attache Case. Three 2-volt Valves (including Pentode Valve which is equal to two ordinary valves). 60-volt H.T. Battery. 9-volt Grid Bias Battery. 20/40 a.h. unspillable Accumulator. Special type Cone Loud Speaker is incorporated in the set for perfect reproduction. Size: 13½ x 12½ x 9 ins.

You are invited to visit the Steval Showrooms during broadcasting hours. Open 9 a.m. to 6.30. Sats. 1 p.m.

FREE TRIAL COUPON

To STEVAL, LTD., Swan House, 128, Oxford St., W.1. J.B., 74.

Please send me your Steval Super-Three Portable, for which I enclose £.....s.....d. being Full Cash Price or First Payment.

NAME ..... Date.....

ADDRESS .....

STEVAL

STEVAL STANDS SUPREME

WOOLS.—Enormous sale reductions. Knitting, Hand, Machine, 12 ozs., Bag 10½d., 1/-, 1/6 lb. Bag Guide, 600 Samples, Free.—Border Wools, 160, New Bridge, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

WALLPAPERS from 2½d. roll, 150 patterns 1929 designs free.—Eclipse Wallpaper Co. (late Leeds), 21, Shields Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

DANCE Novelties, advt. balloons, hats, fans, masks, mascots, etc. Lists free.—Novelty Supply Stores (Dept. 10), 226, Mile End Rd., Lon., E.1.

WALLPAPERS from 2½d. roll Send for Mr 1929 pattern book free.—Non-Combine Co. (Dept. 5), 211, North Street, Leeds.

HOYLE'S Calico 39 inches wide 9d. per yd. Wonderful value. Six or more yards post free.— J. Crowther, Tower Street, Bacup.

BABY CARRIAGES.—Latest styles highly finished. Satisfaction guaranteed. Terms 5s. monthly. List free.—ROYAL, 350, Essex Rd., Islington.

SEND at once for free List of SELFRIDGE'S CYCLES. Mention John Bull. See page 14.

THINKING of Motoring? Send for a free copy of the New 10-h.p. SWIFT Catalogue offered on page 31.

TEA. Direct from Blenders to Household. At wholesale prices, 1/6, 1/8, 2/- lb., carr. pd. on 4 lb. Special quot'ns for large quantities. Satis. g'nt'd. Portway Tea Co., 72, Portway, W. Ham.

DRESS.

BABY'S SUPERIOR 26-piece Layette, 20/6. Best materials. Unequalled Bargain. Mat. Coats, Shawls, Bodies, Gowns, Nighties, Vests, Flannels, Napkins, Barras, Towels. Purchaser from a Mother, 14 years' experience. Send 2/- for pcl.; approv. Cash or Terms.—Mrs. J. Howard, 66, Dover Road, Portsmouth.

BABY'S BEAUTIFUL LAYETTE, 20/-. 26 home-made pieces. Contains everything from Caps, Boots to Napkins. A purchaser writes:— "Your Layettes are too cheap at 30/-; they are worth £3." Similar letters received daily. Post 2/- now for this incomparable bargain on approval. (Cash or instalments).—Mrs D. Monsion, 97, Lake Road, Portsmouth.

MUSICAL.

GRAMOPHONES, 24/-; motors, 9/-; accessories. Violins, Accordeons, cheapest. 64-page list, 3d. How to make Gramos.—Regentbull, 130, Old Street, London, E.C.1.

VIOLINS, Drummers' Outfits, Saxophones, Ukuleles, Trumpets, Gramophones, etc., from 5/- deposit, 2/6 monthly. Lists free.—Palmers, 135, Linthorpe Road, Middlesbrough.

GRAMOPHONES, BUILD OWN £40 MODEL FOR 40/-. Instructions, 5d. List of Parts Free.—J.B.G., 186, High St., Deptford, London.

LIVESTOCK, POULTRY, ETC.

SPECIAL OFFER. — Talking Parrots with Cages from 20/-. Singing Canaries, 15/-. 3 months' trial.—List fr. Chapmans, 17, Tottenham Court Road, London.

"CAGE BIRDS" to-morrow. Special Breeding Season No., with extra Pages, cash prizes and coloured plate, 6d. all newsagents; 5d. from J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, E.C.1.

"POULTRY WORLD" Grand Spring Sales No., to-morrow. Glorious coloured plate. Greatly enlarged, cash prizes, coloured cover. 4d. all new agents; 5d. from J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, E.C.1.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

WORMS CURED.—Article Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's positive and permanent cure. They cure most virulent cases by calmly destroying the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, no dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for generous supply or 1½d. stamp for Free Pamphlet.—Bidyard Tablet Co., 54-56, Codnor, Derby.

BLADDER WEAKNESS and kidney trouble Must end at last. Thousands cured by PARKER'S FLUID REMEDY, 3/- at Boots', Taylor's, etc., or post free from Parker's Remedy, Ltd., 49, Renshaw Street, Liverpool. Sample 4d.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING. Genuine remedy proved by testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

REINVIGORATE. A remarkable book on genuine cure of Self-consciousness, Blushing, Depression, Weak Nerves, Insomnia, Morbid Fears, etc. Highly commended by Editor of "Health & Strength"; worth a fortune; for 2d. only. — Henry Rivers (J.B. 50), 40, Lamb's Conduit Street, W.C.1.

READERS suffering from deafness should see Mrs D. & J. HILL'S offer on page 35

BAD LEGS.—A free booklet and free sample is offered on page 32.

BALDNESS.—I cured myself and can cure you. Large Trial Outfit, 3d.—Douglas Dew, "KWIK," 79, Victoria Rd., Victoria Rd., S.E.15

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

BEST prices paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Gold, Silver, Scrap, Antiques, Dental Plates (not Vulcanite), Valuable Property, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return. —Bentley & Co., 253, Oxford Street, London.

ANY kind old gold, silver, jewellery, diamonds, old false teeth, platinum scrap, bought. Highest cash by return.—Bell's, Upperhead Road, Leeds.

FOR MOTORISTS.

GOOD Used Tyres from £1 ea., C.O.D., approv. New Tyres for whly. payments. Inquire, stating size. London Car Co., 52, Theobalds Rd., W.C.1.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HINTS FOR HOME DECORATORS. Best book obtainable. Full instructions on: Painting, Paperhanging, Staining, Graining, Varnishing, Enamelling, etc., and scores of tips, hints and recipes for economising the home throughout. 44 pages, price 1/- post free. SPECIAL OFFER. If you enclose your paint dealer's name and address a copy will be sent for 6d. post free.—Texaco Co. (Dept. J.B.), Blackpool.

INCONTINENT KISSES.—T. Bowen Partington writes "straight from the shoulder" in "HEALTH & STRENGTH." 3d. now at all newsagents; 4d. from J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, E.C.1.

FREE.—£300 in prizes for "Limerick" last lines. Also proprietors of "Diploma" Crustless Cheese offer a 1st prize of £50; 2nd prize, £25; 3rd prize, £10, and other prizes, for the best last line to the limerick appearing in the advt. on page 29. Write your last line on paper and attach the small label from a portion of "Diploma" Crustless Cheese, or a label from "Diploma" or "Coronet" Milk. Note the closing date, which is Friday, April 5. Send your attempt NOW! Be sure to mark your entry White United Dairies, Ltd., Dept. 7, Trowbridge, Wilts.

LAST WEEK OF £100 OFFER! Get the BLUE Magazine for March now and enter fascinating FREE competition. The BLUE has 13 really "modern" stories—sealed! Authors include "Valentine," Brandon Fleming, Gertie Wentworth James, and Harold Wimbury. 1/- all newsagents. 1/2 from J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, E.C.1.

FREE.—Do not miss the free sample packet of SHREDDED WHEAT offered on page 29. Simply send the coupon and a free packet will be sent to you.

WRITE at once for free Entry Form in the £300 prize competition offered in the Telegraph Development Association's advt. on opposite page.

SEE THE NEW "BAZAAR," on Saturday! A popular weekly for collectors of pictures, books, furniture, curios, etc. Remarkable FREE valuation service. Now 2d. every Saturday all newsagents; 3d. from J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, E.C.1.

SEND for the free Ryder Catalogue offered on page 16.

A FREE SAMPLE of Colgate's Dentifrice will be sent to readers sending the coupon on page 28.

£148 A YEAR FOR LIFE.—To any one over to send the free coupon in the Sun Life Assurance Co.'s advt. that appeared in last week's issue. Be sure to address it to 131, Sun Life House, Canada House, Cockspur Street, London, S.W.1.

MARKETING.—A REAL CURE AT LAST! You can easily, quickly and secretly cure yourself as a child with the newly discovered Fitzroy Treatment. No stove, no drugs, no appliances. Scores of Testimonials. Write now for free particulars.—The Fitzroy Treatment (Dept. J.B.), 7, Japan Crescent, London, N.4.

FREEMANS

CASH OR CREDIT

CELEBRATED SPARE TIME

AGENCY

BOOTS, Gents' and Ladies' Clothing, Suits, Coats, Costumes & Underwear, Carpets, Lino, Drapery, Gramophones, Bicycles, Jewellery, Watches, Clocks, China, Toys, Baby Carriages, etc.

Men in regular employment appointed as Agents.

Largest stock in the trade. Liberal supply of samples.

Highest Commissions Paid. *Illustrated Coloured Catalogue.*

NO OUTLAY, ALL PROFIT.

Enquiries for Agency Invited.

LAVENDER HILL, LONDON.

How many Telephone Subscribers will there be on June 30th?

£200 IN PRIZES FOR THE NEAREST FORECASTS

CASH Prizes amounting to £200 (first prize £100) are offered by the Telephone Development Association to those who forecast most accurately the total number of telephone subscribers on the Post Office System at June 30th, 1929.

Remember that this country still has a lot of leeway to make up before we can compare favourably with other countries. We have only 36 telephones per 1,000 population, compared with Germany's 44, Switzerand's 55, Sweden's 76, Denmark's 92 Australia's 74, Canada's 127, and United States' 160. Every additional telephone means more employment in scores of different industries, more revenue to the State and improved national communications.

FREE ENTRY FORMS

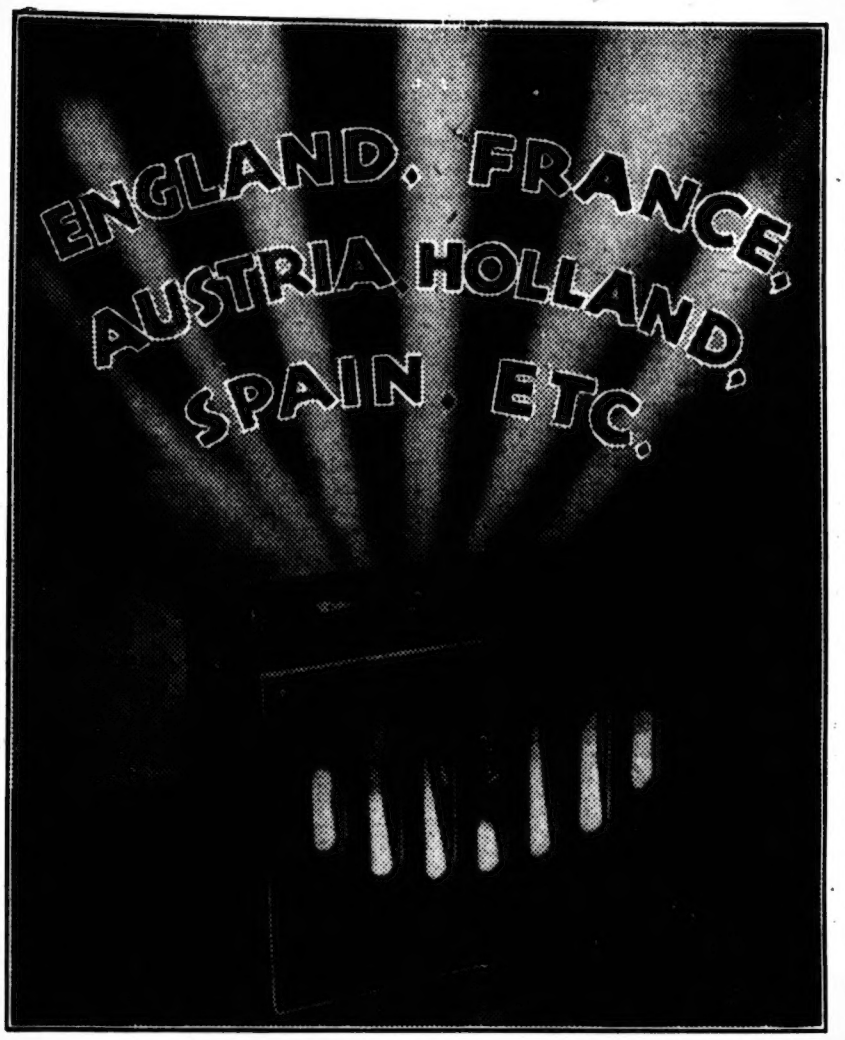
Free Entry Forms, giving the figures of growth during the past few years and full details of this Competition, can be had on application at STAND No. 106, Main Hall, Ideal Home Exhibition, Olympia, or, if a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed, by post from the Association at the address below.

THE TELEPHONE COSTS

NOTHING	to instal.
NOTHING	for the calls you receive.
A PENNY	for each local call you make.
2/6 A WEEK	for Rental. Less outside London.

If you're not "on the 'Phone" you're living alone

Telephone Development Association, Aldine House, 10E, Bedford Street, Strand, London, W.C.2.
Telephone: Regent 6224 5.

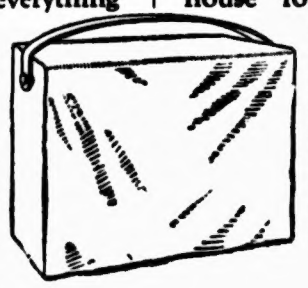


LISTEN TO EUROPE'S FINEST BROADCAST PROGRAMMES!

The National Portable is a long-range, five-valve, portable wireless set of exceptional quality. Touch a switch and in comes the music clear and true and perfectly reproduced with sufficient volume to fill a hall if need be.

Home and Foreign stations are received with equal ease and clarity.

The National Portable is complete. . . . . everything necessary for perfect loud speaker reception is inside the handsome case of polished oak. The set is furnished with a strong leather handle and a waterproof cover.



Both can be removed in a second. The National Portable can be carried anywhere, and plays anywhere, in the train, in your car, even in the street.

Call and hear the National Portable at a good dealers, or at our offices. If you desire we will ask your nearest dealer to take one to your house for a free demonstration without obligation to purchase. *In any case write to us for our free illustrated catalogue* **J.B.9** *and get full particulars of this remarkable set.*

Complete and ready to play. Cash price Deferred terms 20/- down and 30/- a month for eleven months or £2 1s. down and 30/- a month for nine months. **£15**

NATIONAL PORTABLE RADIO

NATIONAL ELECTRIC COMPANY, 10, 12, 14 Beak St., Regent St., LONDON, W.1. Telephone: Gerrard 6146.

JOHN BULL'S SQUARE AND FAIR CROSSWORD

An equal opportunity for all!

£500 MUST BE WON

ENTRANCE FEE 6D. FOR TWO ATTEMPTS

ONLY ONE SIXPENNY DOUBLE-ENTRY ALLOWED FROM EACH READER

CLOSING DATE NOON FRIDAY, MARCH 22ND

Solution of Puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on Sale Thursday, March 28

Read the following Rules and Conditions carefully.

Fill in puzzle below in ink and your name and address in block capitals. Cut out coupon, place it with a Postal Order value sixpence, in an envelope bearing a 1½d. stamp, and post to:—

"John Bull" Crosswords (No. 4),
57, Long Acre,
London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

so as to reach us not later than noon on Friday, March 22nd. Entry MUST be sent by post.

Postal Orders must be made payable to Odhams Press Ltd. and crossed /& Co./, and the date of sending the order, complete with the name and address of competitor, must be written on the back. The number of the Postal Order must be written in the space provided in the Entry Form. Stamps cannot in any circumstances be accepted.

Each competitor must write name and address in block letters on the back of the envelope outside.

No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for any coupon lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery, and no correspondence can be entered into. In the event of a tie the prize will be divided between those competitors whose coupons are correct or contain fewest errors, but no competitor shall receive more than one share.

Mutilated or altered Entry Forms will be disqualified. Solutions must be complete and filled in on Entry Forms provided.

No competitor may send in more than the two solutions "A" and "B" provided for on the Entry Forms.

The correct solution of the puzzle is known only to the Editor, and will be kept under seal until all entries have been received.

Solution of this Puzzle will be published in "John Bull," on sale Thursday, March 28th, and if your Entry Form, "A" or "B," is absolutely identical or contains not more than three words differing from the solution as published, you must submit a claim in accordance with the directions which will then be given. Be sure to keep copies of your solutions—failure to claim entails disqualification.

Entries for this Competition must not be enclosed with "Bullets" entries or other correspondence addressed to "John Bull."

The Editor reserves the right to disqualify any competitor for reasons which he considers good and sufficient.

Employees of Odhams Press Ltd., and members of their families are not allowed to compete.

Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

"John Bull" will pay £500 for a correct solution, on one Form, of "John Bull" Crossword No. 4 which is given below. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. Every reader has an equal opportunity—no competitor may send in more than one sixpenny double-entry—entry fee Sixpence for TWO attempts.

Be sure to keep copies of your solutions, together with postal order number.

SOLUTION OF "JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 2.

HOW TO CLAIM.

If one of your Entry Forms ("A" or "B") is absolutely identical or contains not more than three words differing from the solution of "John Bull" Crossword No. 2, which is published herewith, send in a claim distinctly stating on which Form ("A" or "B") you are claiming, giving the number of words wrong, if any, so as to reach us at the latest by first post, Tuesday, March 19th.

Readers abroad may wire.

ANY COMPETITOR WHO SENDS IN A BOGUS CLAIM MAY BE DISQUALIFIED FROM TAKING PART IN ANY FUTURE COMPETITIONS.

B	E	A	V	E	R	■	B	U	R	R	O	W
R	■	D	■	N	■	O	L	L	A	■	■	E
E	N	D	E	A	R	■	U	N	I	F	Y	■
A	P	E	■	B	A	L	S	A	M	■	■	K
D	■	R	E	L	I	S	H	■	E	A	S	E
■	T	■	M	E	N	■	■	A	N	D	■	E
B	U	M	P	■	■	P	■	S	T	R	O	P
A	■	O	I	L	■	R	A	P	■	O	■	■
R	E	A	R	■	H	O	B	■	D	I	S	K
B	■	N	E	W	■	D	E	N	O	T	E	■
A	■	I	■	A	B	U	T	■	W	■	V	O
T	O	N	■	U	■	C	■	U	S	H	E	R
E	G	G	■	L	E	E	T	L	E	■	R	E

2 JB.

Claims must be made on a postcard bearing a penny stamp, which must contain only the following words, stating the number of errors, if any:

"I claim.....errors (on 'A' or 'B') Entry Form."

Then add your name and address in BLOCK Letters. Postcards containing other wording will be disqualified and claim disallowed. Claims to be posted to—

"CLAIM" (No. 2),
"John Bull" Crosswords,
57, Long Acre,
London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

The prizewinner in this competition will be published in "John Bull" on sale March 28th.

Any claimant whose solution has no more errors than that of the competitors winning the prize, and whose claim reached us by the prescribed date, may have a scrutiny by demanding the same by or before first post, April 2nd, on which date the prizes will be distributed, and after which date no claim will be considered.

If such claim is found to be correct the result will be amended accordingly, and any competitor demanding a scrutiny must accept as final the result of such scrutiny as certified by the Editor.

Every request for a scrutiny must be accompanied by a remittance of £5, which will be returned to the competitor if his claim proves valid.

CLUES ACROSS

1. River fish.
5. High Court.
9. Elevate.
11. Automobile Association (abbr.).
12. B.I. (actual).
13. Ordered.
15. Aloft.
16. Alexandra Palace (abbr.).
17. Depart.
18. Pride.
20. Foe.
22. Horizontal opening to a mine.
23. North Britain (abbr.).
24. Myself.
25. Afternoon.
26. A vault.
29. P.L. (actual).
30. Wages.
32. Long fish.
34. A pattern to copy.
35. Fish-spawn.
36. Plasterer's tool.
38. Greasy fluid.
39. Regal.
40. D.E. (actual).
43. Glandiform.
44. A quantity.
45. Waxed.
46. Negative.
47. D.Y. (actual)
48. An opening.
49. Compass point.

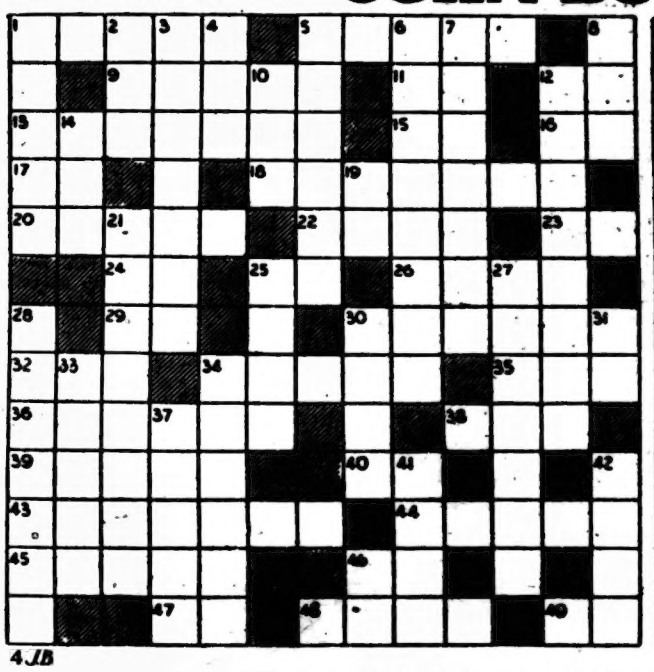
CLUES DOWN

1. Shelf of rocks.
2. Part of a circle.
3. Burnt sugar.
4. To hasten.
5. A madhouse.
6. Pertaining to navigation.
7. Chief city.
8. Small draught.
10. Observe.
12. Small streamer.
14. An age.
19. Anno Domini (abbr.).
21. A master.
25. Small lake.
27. Different.
28. To withdraw.
30. Despatch.
31. Personal pronoun.
33. Eat away.
34. Tune.
37. Declined.
41. Black hard wood.
42. Exhibit.
46. Compass point.

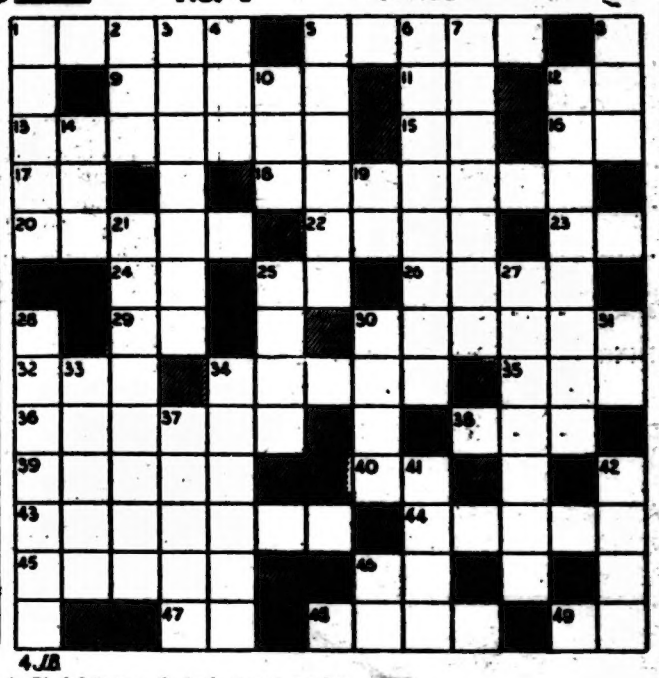
Words in this Competition can be found in Nuttall's Dictionary or Chambers's 20th Century Dictionary (and Supplement).

CUT HERE

ENTRY FORM "A" **JOHN BULL** CROSSWORD No. 4 ENTRY FORM "B"



4 JB



4 JB

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In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose 6d. P.O. No._____

These Entry Forms must not be separated, and a postal order for SIXPENCE must be enclosed to cover either one OR BOTH entries.

SIGNED _____

ADDRESS _____

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What does the future hold for you if you are ruptured? Does it mean that day in, day out, you will have to struggle along with an ungainly, inefficient, uncomfortable truss?

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Keep Your Trousers 'Posh'

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Obtainable at all Gentlemen's Outfitters.

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PATENT CREASE RETAINER, LTD. Moorhead Chambers, Sheffield.

BUYING AGENTS WANTED.

GENUINE HALF-PRICE & FREE GIFT OFFER FOR FEW DAYS ONLY

...Advertised and sold in hundreds by us at £7.10 the few remaining of our noted Bolster One Valve Set de Luxe are now offered at the amazing low price of £3.18.6 or 4/6 DOWN ONLY

...and 10 monthly payments of 7/6. Further, to all orders received in 7 days we will add FREE an extra pair of our Super-Lightweight Headphones. This set is absolutely complete, and all components and accessories are the finest quality. Full details on receipt of p.c.

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The "Tango Two" Magnetic Dancers. Simply place them on your Gramophone, when they will WALTZ FOX-TROT, or ONE-STEP to the music.

REQUIRES NO FIXING AND FITS ANY MAKE OF GRAMOPHONE.

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5'19'6

...or £1 down and 11 monthly payments of 10/2. Carr. Paid U.K. Model 24. Highly finished OAK Cabinet, 39 in. high, complete with DOUBLE SPRING 3-record Motor, and wonderful all-metal Sound Chamber. Produces exceptionally pure tone and enormous volume.

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Amazing new cylindrical Sound Box which gives Double the Volume and Purity by a new process of amplification, bringing out every magic of notes with absolute clarity. Must be heard to be believed. It is astonishingly beautiful. Send 1/- down and your promise to pay the balance by 6 weekly payments of 2/- (Cash Price 13/6) and we will dispatch by return of post the

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Get a 2/6 "Ever-Pointed" Pencil FREE and pocket a Shilling!!!

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This Coupon will be accepted as 2d. in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/- Lever Filler Pen fitted with 14-ct. gold nib, iridium tipped, with which is presented FREE a 2/6 Ever-Pointed Pencil. Additional Coupons, any number up to five (six in all), ANY DATES, may be cut from "John Bull" and will be accepted in part payment. Thus you may send six Coupons and p.o. for 4/3 (which includes postage and insurance). Pocket clip 3d. extra. Name engraved in gold on pen 6d. extra. Cross cheque/p.o. "& Co." Make payable to "John Bull." State if fine—medium—broad nib.—JOHN BULL, Pen Dept., Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

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This is what Mrs. Baldy, of Bedding, does. She says: "I am turning my spare time into money. I knit Socks, Stockings, Vests, Jumpers and Woollens—overflowing with private orders—which bring me in from £3 to £5 weekly." Her experience and many others are detailed in our book, which explains our plan whereby WE PURCHASE YOUR ENTIRE OUTPUT OF HOSIERY at an agreed price for a period of Three Years.

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...our 1929 Suitings in smart Tweeds, Worsteds and Saxonys are better value than ever. These cloths have been chosen for their smart appearance and hard-wearing quality and remember perfect fitting is assured. SEND TO-DAY FOR FULL RANGE OF FREE PATTERNS IN ALL PRICES from 58/6. Use the simple self-measurement chart or call at our Oxford Street showrooms and be fitted by our experts. Satisfaction guaranteed or money returned. Write now—Dept. A.

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These beautiful and comfortable carriages are astounding value. 18 beautiful models in all colours to select from.

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"Ask your daddy too!

my dad's saving up coupons from 'Black Cat' Cigarettes so as to get me a Camera for Easter! Won't it be fun? I shall be able to take snaps myself now. Dick's got one, and he's taken some lovely pictures—it's quite easy to use—it's daylight loading, with two view finders, and takes Kodak roll film No. 120, which you can get anywhere. It's a beautiful camera, dad says; it ought to be, 'cos it's made in England by the Kodak Company. Dad says it's like 'Black Cat's'—the best in its class.

THIS FINE CAMERA BRITISH MADE by the KODAK CO.

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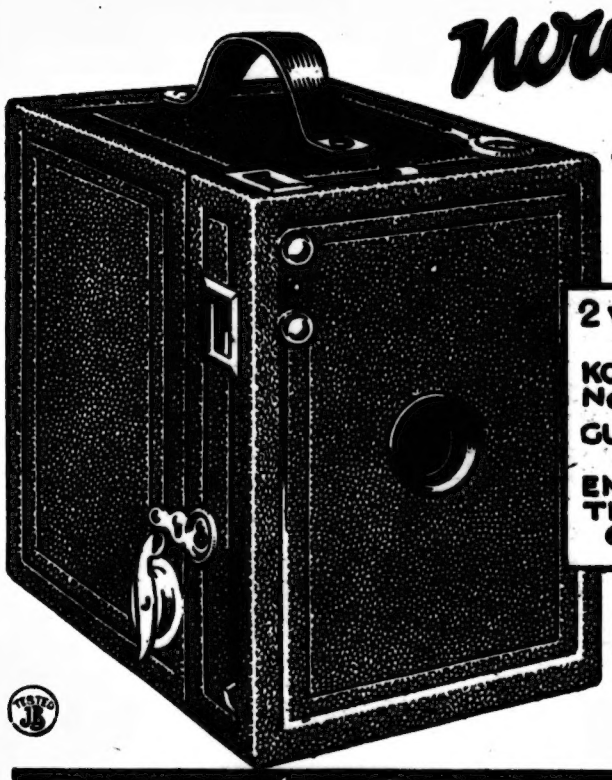

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For the People— —the Right to Justice and Truth

"If you see it in 'John Bull'—it is so"

The People's Prince v. Downing Street

One of the Best—America is Welcome—"Skin" and Bonus

T is no longer a secret that some very plain speaking is taking place between York House and Downing Street.

The Prince of Wales is disappointed, as well he might be, at the report drawn up on his behalf his tour of the Northern coalfields being held up owing to powerful essure of the mine-owners' interests the Cabinet.

* * *

Also, the Prince's desire to visit the uth Wales mine ea is meeting th bitter oppotion from the me quarter. hy should this ? The Prince Wales commands the affecon and confidce of the overhelming mass of e people. He is ove suspicion of ejudice in vour of any ss.

He doesn't smile about the miners!

Who but those o have something to hide uld fear that learns the ole truth and ls the nation?

* * *

We warn these gentlemen that they playing a dangerous game. If they gine that because they can exert eighty influence on politics, they therefore order the life of the nce, they are making the blunder of ir lives.

or one thing, they are giving Labour stick" to fight with at the Election, thereby dragging the Heirparent into politics, when common manity alone concerns him in his for his father's starving subjects. his will not be tolerated.

* * *

they will not take a hint from us may get a more forceful lesson of these days from the nation.

never rains . . .

he political prophets believe that e will be two General Elections year.

he feeling is that neither Mr. Baldnor Mr. MacDonald will get a cient majority to permit the forion of a Government, and that Mr. d George will not dare to give the port of the remnants of his Party ither side in such circumstances.

* * *

majority of forty is the minimum safety. Past Governments have ied on with much smaller majori but in these days of influenza and sessions it would not be safe to do

ll signs point to a period of ical ferment and upheaval.

great pledge

r. Lloyd George's pledge to reduce nployment to normal in two years out adding a penny to taxation caused an incredulous stir. The anatory book is to be published to-day. It contains nearly 30,000 words.

The jobs are to be found in large schemes of national developments. The secret of the finance is "unearned increment," which means tapping the profits of property which appreciates in value.

The road from plans to performance, however, is rocky, and the Liberal Party may, or may not, be starters. In less than three months we shall know.

'Better is a dinner of herbs.'

The great Liberal lunch at the Connaught Rooms was an expensive affair. But the cost did not fall on the Lloyd George fund. There are some in the Liberal Party who will not eat the bread of the wicked.

How inscrutable is the political conscience!

Golden pen-nibs

Mr Lloyd George, stung into action by Winston Churchill's war books, is going to write his memoirs, and it would be interesting to know what arrangements he has made with his publishers.

He first proposed writing the book when he was still in office as Prime Minister, and it was then reported that he was offered close on £100,000 for the British and American rights.

When criticism arose he said that he would give the money to war charities, but in the end the book was not written.

Mr. Lloyd George has already made a considerable fortune in the past few years writing for the American newspapers, so that some of our charity organisers may be expected to keep a weather-eye open.

Peer into the future

Word has reached us of a growing hope bordering on jubilation in the inner Labour caucus. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald has begun to talk of his Cabinet and has already sorted out the sheep from the goats. The General Election will sort out a few more.

Mr. MacDonald has definitely decided to appoint a peer to the office of Foreign Secretary. This will leave an Under-Secretary responsible in the Commons, and enable the Premier himself to indulge his flair for diplomacy on important occasions.

* * *

Reckoning without the host of electors is a habit not confined to leaders of one Party!

The lost leader

"Bob" Smillie, M.P., will retire from Parliament at the dissolution. "Advancing age and physical infirmity" are the reasons he gives for this decision. His age is seventy-two.

With alarm and sorrow he has watched the coal industry decay. Indeed, it is not too much to say that had he remained at the helm of the Miners' Federation neither the men's leaders nor the Government would have drifted into the futile coal strike of 1927. Playing an active part, he might have averted the general strike.

Always a "bonny" fighter, "Bob" will be missed and mourned at Westminster alike by colleagues and opponents.

Give them a rest

June, a pretty young actress, is to marry Lord Inverclyde, who has a couple of million pounds.

But why, oh why, cannot the daily Press leave it at that? Among the columns about their doings was one tit-bit that their entrance into a restaurant causes "a well-bred stir." What, by the way, is an ill-bred stir?

More "pep" needed

The Minister of Transport has conducted an enquiry into the working of automatic traffic-control signs in provincial cities. He is much taken with some of these systems, and is pressing for the trial of them in London.

The trouble with Colonel Ashley is that he cannot press hard enough, and that's why he gets nothing done.

Farewell, good friend!

It is with deep emotion that we refer to the passing of our friend and contributor, the Rev. G. A. Studdert-Kennedy, more affectionately known to so many of our ex-soldier readers as "Woodbine Willie."

"Woodbine Willie" was the King's favourite preacher

His loss is a national calamity, for he had a great mind and a great heart; and his preaching, like his writing, was unequalled in any denomination for vigour and passionate sincerity.

We write this in no mood of obituary zeal, to say the best of a man who is lost to us. Flattery would be an insult to the memory of such as he, and we speak from intimate knowledge.

To mention only one thing, he was one of our highest paid contributors. But not a penny ever went into his own pocket.

The cheque was invariably sent to a certain charitable society to which he devoted much time. "Woodbine Willie" went through life like that. We bare our head.

Telling the tale

Sir Henri Deterding, chief of the Royal Dutch Shell oil group, and unofficial oil adviser to the Government, has sought to justify the 2½d. a gallon increase in petrol prices.

He declares that even with this rise only a small margin of profit remains.

Yet the oil companies have managed in the last few years to present their shareholders with handsome capital bonuses. The Royal Dutch Shell distributed a 50 per cent. bonus in 1919, and in November last issued one new share at par for every five old shares.

* * *

In 1926 the Anglo-Persian Company gave away a 50 per cent. share bonus; and in 1924 Anglo-American ordinary capital was increased by a 33⅓ per cent. bonus.

And what is the difference between profits and share bonuses?

Will you miss it?

The Duke of Portland is to sell the Portland vase, and there is the usual outcry over the danger of its going to America. It is a patched affair, doubtless of great antiquity, and it is not particularly beautiful. Though it has been in this country for over a century, few have ever seen it.

So America is welcome to it. We hope the duke receives a big price—and remembers the miners.

Why they are snappy

The younger men in the Conservative Party are not unduly polite to some of their elders, particularly the well-known group in the Party, representing big business and money-bags, whose members are popularly styled "The Forty Thieves."

It is distinctly unfortunate, from the view of the Party, that most of these gentlemen are firmly entrenched in safe seats well away from the industrial areas.

* * *

The young men in the Party, and those who have the courage to display up-to-date ideas, mostly sit for industrial constituencies. They are the men who will be in danger of losing their seats at the General Election. Ironical, isn't it?

Not just yet

The secret demonstration of the Baird Television device to members of the House of Commons and others is being much talked about, as is usual with "secrets."

This development is still in its infancy, and we need not buy our receiving sets just yet.

Above the law

Sir Arthur Steel-Maitland, the Minister of Labour, would do well to scrutinise more closely the doings of some of his subordinates.

Men who are entitled to unemployment insurance benefit are being refused their due on the flimsiest of pretexts, and much bitterness is being aroused.

A Huddersfield man who has paid his premium for years has just claimed benefit for the first time, and has had his allowance docked because he had a relative lodging in the house.

An insurance contract should be honoured to the full. Why should the State be parsimonious and niggardly when private concerns must do the just thing?

IF YOU SEE IT—(Continued)

Prophetic

The imminent despatch of the powerful Trade delegation to Russia to see if the blunders of the politicians cannot be repaired must be giving no little satisfaction to Mr. W. P. Coates, secretary of the Anglo-Russian Parliamentary Committee.

When he published his smashing indictment of political futility, "Why Anglo-Russian Diplomatic Relations Should be Restored," he little thought that prophecy would so soon become reality.

We never did think that business would consent to be throttled for ever by mock heroics. Incidentally, what has become of the "Daily Mail's" campaign to ban Russian petrol?

Child life thrown away

That a seven-months-old baby should die of starvation is a sorry stain on our civilisation.

Yet this was the fate of the child of Daniel and Elizabeth Stone, of "no fixed abode," who were charged with neglect at Bearsted.

The father was sentenced to three months' hard labour and the mother, who said she had done everything she could for the child, was bound over.

"No fixed abode" tells its own story—the old, old tragedy of the housing shortage and unemployment.

Coffins are cheap to-day!

Some North Country towns should revive the stocks and ducking-stools for the wretches who are taking a sordid advantage of the 'flu epidemic by touting for funeral orders.

Such ghouls hang around houses in which people are lying critically ill. Leaflets on "cheap burials" are pushed through letter-boxes, and even when funeral arrangements have been made there is always a tout ready with a "cut" price.

Philanthropy without fuss

Three years ago, there was practically nowhere in London where homeless women could obtain a cheap, clean and decent bed for a night.

Major Cohen

In 1927, after much unselfish effort by Mrs. Cecil Chesterton, the first Cecil House was founded. To-morrow the third Cecil House will be opened by Sir William Joynson-Hicks, at Kensal Road, North Kensington.

In this movement, Mrs. Chesterton has had sovereign help from Major J. Brunel Cohen, the legless Member of Parliament.

Despite his handicap, the latter does a tremendous amount of work for charity.

Major Brunel Cohen, who was entertained privately the other night by a distinguished group of musical and literary people, represents the Fairfield, Liverpool Division. The seat is a safe one, we wager, landslide or no landslide.

Most un-"Worthy"!

The Secretary of State for War has been urged to give the Army home-killed beef for three days a week during July to December, when English meat is cheap.

He has refused, so Tommy Atkins will continue to eat frozen foreign, and put money in the pockets of Yankee packers. And yet Sir Laming's pet name is "Worthy"!

On probation

We congratulate Dr. W. H. Whitehouse, the Bermondsey coroner, for condemning regulations which allow probationary nurses to "pump poisons into the system of the patient."

It was discovered that Mrs. Louisa Dadson, a Bermondsey woman, died after injections into her arm at the Bermondsey and Rotherhithe Hospital. There must be no repetition of this sort of thing, in this or any other hospital.

The medical superintendent argued that the nurses were, in his opinion, sufficiently trained to give hypodermic injections. Such sophistry is useless.

The nurses were unqualified, the drugs were dangerous, and the patient died.

"Mugs"—keep off

We notice one more case in the courts of a man having invested his savings in a bookmakers' business and losing the lot in a day.

This class of swindle, for it invariably is one, the "bookmaker" arranging a dead-cert. loss with a confederate on the course, is so obvious that it is surprising that anyone should be gulled.

It is still more surprising that a few newspapers, after our repeated exposures, should continue to take the advertisements by which the mugs are caught. Bookmakers of standing never advertise for partners.

Free advertisement

Alderman T. Crooks, a Darlington magistrate, is evidently seeking publicity. We will afford him a little.

When William Walls, a blind man, was summoned before him for failing to send his son to school, he mentioned his affliction.

"Don't give the Bench a lecture on blindness. I waste no sympathy on you," remarked this odd magistrate. And we are not surprised that the poor man's wife protested.

Not content with his remark, Alderman Crooks ordered the man to pay a fine of 23s. at the rate of 2s. a week (out of 23s. he receives from the guardians), despite Wall's plea that he could only afford a shilling.

Aren't we great publicity agents?

"He that is without sin . . ."

The amazing mentality of the Rev. F. J. Sides, vicar of Holbrook, Derby, seems to show that charity is not the long suit of his broadcloth!

Because her husband was serving a term of imprisonment, he informed his lady organist that her services were no longer required.

Asked whether it was possible for the wife of a sinner to be associated with the church, this harsh man said that he thought it was "not desirable"!

We are not surprised that the lady organist was awarded £25 damages for libel and slander, and we agree with the judge's remark that the views of the vicar were not those of 1,900 years ago.

Hush!

The Ulster Government should make a clean breast of all the facts relating to the miscarriage of justice which resulted in Mrs. Whan being arrested several times and eventually imprisoned on a charge of sending poisoned chocolates to a certain Mrs. Walker.

Despite questions in Parliament, facts are still being suppressed that would enable the woman irrevocably to establish her innocence.

Why, for instance, can District-Inspector Allen's report be neither disclosed nor discussed?

Why should any individual, no matter what his position, be shielded at Mrs. Whan's expense?

Margarine move

Negotiations are now pending for the purchase of the Maypole Company by a trust, the Margarine Union. This company already controls the Home and Colonial Stores, the Meadow Dairy Company, and Liptons, Ltd.; and the Maypole purchase will give it a completely dominant position in the retail provision-store business.

It already, with its associate company, the N. V. Margarine Unie of Holland, has a practical monopoly of the entire margarine production of Europe.

We hope the outcome is not an increase in the price of margarine; though the temptation is there, for a ½d. on a pound increase would mean extra profits of nearly £4,500,000.

Certified snails

While headmasters of great public schools are decrying the supposed uses of certain public examinations imposed on scholars, the young pupils at London evening classes are still pressed to sit for useless certificates—and pay for the privilege.

For instance, of what use in the business world is a "pass" in shorthand at the rate of fifty words a minute for five minutes? Handwriting is almost as quick, and typing quicker.

This is a question into which the L.C.C. should enquire.

Saint and mule

The Mahatma Ghandi has been released on bail from prison in Bombay, whither he was sent for his part in a riotous assembly which burned bales of British cloth, as a gesture against "India's economic enslavement."

The Mahatma Ghandi

Ghandi, saint-like, pig-headed and a genius, remains a thorn which ulcerates our flesh. At liberty, he incites his thousands of disciples to passive rebellion against the British Raj. Imprisoned, he becomes a martyr, and violent agitations for his release disturb the peace of all India.

Many attempts to come to an agreement with him have failed. He is utterly honest and utterly impolitic. But the present Viceroy, Lord Irwin, plans a last effort to effect at least an armistice between Britain and Ghandi.

As Lord Irwin is a simple and deeply religious character, his appeal may touch the Mahatma, where the representations of a normal politician or lawyer would certainly fail.

The "palm oil" scandal

"Tipping" is a national institution. Most of the attempts made to abolish it have failed.

But how many realise what happens to the gratuities they give?

Take waiters, for instance.

At a certain famous West End hotel there are seven head-waiters, twelve chef-waiters and fifteen assistant-waiters. In one week the tips amounted to £102 12s. 6d.

Of this the head-waiters received £59 10s., the chef-waiters £27 11s. 3d., and the assistant-waiters (to whom you often owe the biggest debt of gratitude) £15 11s. 3d.

So now you know.

A heart of oak

We imagined that the "Press gang" method of Naval recruiting was a relic of a darker age. Apparently we are mistaken.

Some years ago the twelve-year-old son of William Fildes, of St. Helens, was sent to an industrial school. When his father was recently summoned for not contributing to this boy's maintenance he complained that his son had been transferred to the Navy without his consent.

Insisting that the boy had been literally "snatched away" from the industrial school and sent to a training ship, Fildes has refused to pay, and has already served one term of imprisonment.

Now what about the "Nelson touch"?

Pampered crooks

The Probation Act is a wonderful thing. It has saved many an erring youth from the stigma of jail and the temptation to embark on a life of crime.

But we share the surprise of Sir Chartres Biron, the Bow Street magistrate, that a man with several previous convictions against him should have escaped under its shelter.

Sir Chartres Biron is Chief Metropolitan Police Magistrate

It is useless to pamper the hardened and determined crook. In fact, we believe that there is a move on foot to induce magistrates to impose heavier sentences on those who show, by their constant return to crime, that they have no intention to reform.

There are times when a stiff sentence does good.

Comparisons are odious

The convicts in our prisons are allotted 800 cubic feet of "living space" apiece, while workhouse inmates must be content with 400 cubic feet. There's food for thought, but just wait a moment. . . .

Under the Merchant Shipping Act the regulation living space for British seamen is only 120 cubic feet. There's a full-course mental meal calculated to give all decent people indigestion!

Britain's debt to her seamen can never be adequately assessed. The sooner our obsolete Shipping Acts are amended the better.

Herding the homeless

At Helston, Cornwall, the casual ward has accommodation for only twelve men, but applications for shelter have long proved it totally inadequate.

Overcrowding is frequent, and quite recently twenty-three homeless wanderers were herded together for the night. What have the Helston Guardians to say about it?

Weighting the scales

In rural Wales and Ireland there is a class of defendant in the habit of dropping the magistrates a line before his case is heard.

In the West of Ireland, indeed, it has been known for the magistrate to receive gifts from those currying favour.

In the interests of defendants themselves, magistrates all over the country districts might very well follow the example of the Rev. Daniel Griffiths, of the Rhydlewis Bench, and issue a warning to offenders that such actions only serve to prejudice the case in point.

Apathetic shockers

The Hackney Borough Council is up in arms against the L.C.C. for proposing to house London slum-dwellers in a new tenement to be built on Stamford Hill, a quarter which has hitherto been kept select!

It says it is scandalous to bring any outside population into overcrowded Hackney, and quotes shocking figures to show that at least 10,000 of its population live in one-roomed dwellings.

More shame to the council! It has it in its power to remedy this state of affairs, but pretends it is not its responsibility.

Some of these town halls are too comfortable.

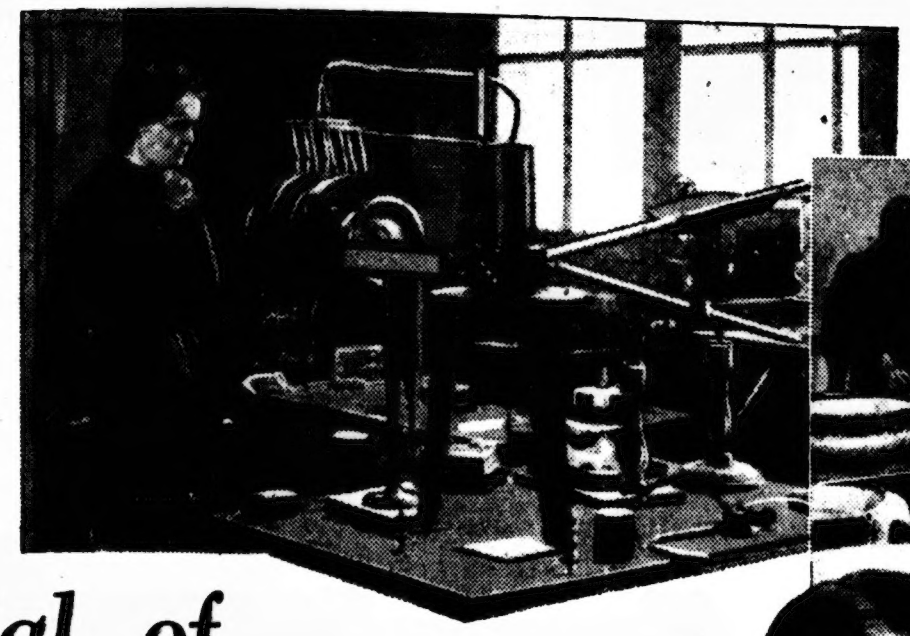
A solo turn

Books of tickets for a £2,000 Grand National sweepstake are now being sent out from 17, Lauriston Place, Edinburgh.

They are unsolicited, and a covering circular intimates that it is not necessary to return the books if sales cannot be effected. They can, if desired, be passed to a friend.

The sweepstake seems to be a one-man affair conducted by a Mr. Dan Berry, who personally guarantees the prize-money, and to whom all remittances must be sent.

But in view of his haphazard distribution of tickets, how can Mr. Berry guarantee the integrity of agents who are complete strangers to him?



Madame Curie at work. With her husband, she discovered radium

In a research laboratory. The precious radium cannot be extracted until 500 tons of ore have been reduced to ½ ton!

By
PROFESSOR
FREDERICK
SODDY,
F.R.S.

Scandal of the RADIUM PROFITEER

who ignores the cancer victim's agony

THE public has of late been much disturbed by the revelations that radium, for which the hospitals and medical profession are crying out as most urgently needed for the treatment of cancer patients, is lying idle considerable quantities in bank vaults and safe deposits and has been so lying since the war.

From long before the war, the world's chief source of supply had been the United States, but during the war an exceptionally rich source was discovered at Katanga, in the Belgian Congo, and since the war Belgium has become the focus of the industry.

The American selling agencies entered into a world-wide agreement with the Union Miniere du Haut, Katanga, for the sale of the product. The price was cut to about one-half of what it had been, making poorer sources of supply unprofitable to extract.

In 1921 it was known that the Belgian find already amounted to some 200 grams of radium, and it was then lying in the form of rich ore at Antwerp, awaiting extraction.

So, since 1921, *there has been no shortage of radium whatever, but rather a glut*, either in finished form or as a very concentrated ore that could be quickly worked up if required.

Sufferers penalised

MANY penetrating minds have come to the conclusion that this is the case not merely with radium, but with many other things. But that is a big question, and we must stick to this one glaring and undeniable example.

Like diamonds, radium is being restricted to maintain the price. The greater part of it that is being produced again like diamonds, put into store and the quantities that are permitted to come on to the market are severely limited.

Radium, which has played such havoc with existing views in physics and chemistry, thus threatens to be equally revolutionary in the domain of economics.

It is a horrible revelation that men and women are dying with the rapid onslaught of cancer while radium for which medical men and hospital authorities are crying out as the only thing that can give them a fighting chance is locked away and being nothing whatever for the cause of humanity.

But let us be fair and practical. Nobody is going to worry very much, for example, over the fact that diamonds are being hoarded in this way.

Most people would agree that if these gems were let loose on the market in a flood, instead of being allowed to trickle out slowly, it would entail far more unmerited loss and injury to individuals than it would cause public good.

Nor does the public get perturbed over the analogous and far more important case of the precious metal gold. Men will risk anything to win it, but so soon as won it is reburied in thousands of tons in bank vaults.

To let this out freely would cause an economic cataclysm fully equal to that caused by the war—at least, so we are told by the economists.

Radium is not an article of luxury or ostentation, like gold or the diamond. It is of technical use in medicine and surgery.

The restriction of supply of such a vital thing is by no means unique. Iodine and quinine are similarly severely restricted.

The extreme natural rarity of radium and its excessive costliness, in any event, have put radium and the whole problem of restriction in a new and sinister light.

I bought my first radium in 1903 at something like a pound a milligram. For twenty years afterwards—during the time the subject was in its first flush of development and new discoveries were being made every month—I had to be content with it because its price increased over thirty times and was utterly beyond the reach of an individual scientific investigator who had to buy his own.

It seemed rather like killing the goose that laid the golden eggs. What had lain, often for centuries, in unused dumps of mine refuse and waste, acquired, in consequence of these scientific investigations, a value which put it almost beyond the reach of these very investigators.

And it became a commodity only to be afforded by the wealthy—though nobody is likely to get very excited about that.

Now, however, that it is a case of people under a sentence of agonising death being unable to obtain the use of radium or being forced to wait, as it were, in a queue, knowing that their one chance is to be treated in time, then the public is certainly going to get excited.

And quite rightly, since the radium is lying idle all this time.

If we cannot crush the scandal of restricted radium, the scandal may crush the public's belief in a system, or lack of system, which produces such results.

The deaths from cancer in England and Wales in 1927 were 28,919 women, 24,946 men, and 213 children—a total of 54,078.

How many patients need radium treatment and are unable to obtain it is impossible to compute. The fact remains that any hospital advertising radium treatment is immediately deluged with patients.

What can be done to make it possible that radium, now that it has been won, shall be used, if not in scientific enquiries, at least freely and fully in medicine according to the existing state of knowledge of the art?

No doubt something has been done by the charitable benefactor, and, indeed, most of what is being done to-day is due to him.

In the course of time, possibly, the hospitals may be able to acquire what they need from this source, but it is cold comfort to existing sufferers who see their chance of successful treatment diminish as the days go by.

What is needed is for the nation to acquire as much radium as is wanted at once for its medical services and to make sure that no one, however poor, has his or her chance of life unnecessarily diminished by delay in procuring radium treatment.

The Government has about £30,000 worth of radium at present in its possession, recovered from luminous paint used for gun-sights and the like during the war.

By expending the comparatively trifling sum of £100,000 it could secure enough radium to start treatment on something like a national scale.

It is fairly obvious that the monopoly at present existing cannot be broken unless new sources of radium are forthcoming within the Empire.

Curative qualities wasted

AS everyone familiar with the subject knows, it is much better in general not to use radium itself for medical treatment.

For most cases it is far safer and equally effective to treat by radium emanation, or radon—a highly radioactive gas generated by radium possessing practically the whole of its activity—and to keep the radium itself in the safe.

The store of radium known to be in London, lying idle in bank vaults, is wasting its valuable curative qualities precisely at the same rate as if it were being utilised.

It should not be beyond the wit of man to devise a practicable plan whereby the revenue of emanation from radium could be used in a sufficient quantity for the benefit of every cancer patient needing the treatment.

Short of that, it is up to that overburdened ass, the taxpayer, to shoulder this latest little burden.

Radium exists in abundance, and it should be the nation's firm resolve that even if gold and diamonds are dug up merely in order to be buried again, this should not be the fate of radium so long as there is a single sufferer to whom it may bring a chance of life.

Professor Frederick Soddy, F.R.S., Lee's Professor of Inorganic and Physical Chemistry, Oxford University, and one of the greatest radium authorities in this country

Too Late!

AN ambulance is drawn up before a dingy house with cracked windows.

Presently a woman, aged about 30, is carried out. The tears are running down her cheeks. Her husband is with her. He looks worn out. For nights he has tended her as tenderly as any nurse, instantly responding when she wailed: "Oh, Harry! The pain's shocking."

The shocking pain is cancer. She had discharged herself from hospital because she worried about her three young children. They needed her so much.

But it is hopeless, and she must go back—this time to a hospital for incurables.

C. R.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

IS "JIX" A PAIR OF TWINS?

A Judge Rebels—The War Trade Union—Guns to Pots and Pans—Slum Jewels—Burgled Bets

The Rt. Hon. Lord Justice SCRUTTON
134, *Piccadilly*, W.

MY LORD,—When Mr. W. A. Jowitt, K.C., appeared before you in an insignificant action in the Court of Appeal, you characterised his presence there as a "super-luxury," and disallowed leading counsel's fees in your award of costs.

Lord Justice Sankey, who was also on the Bench, went so far as to say that the huge fees of leading counsel are killing litigation.

I agree with both of you. And if only you could induce your "brethren" of the Bench to follow so sound an examples, a handful of fashionable legal luminaries would no longer make exorbitant fortunes at the expense of harassed litigants.

A sense of proportion must be maintained in legal as well as any other matters. After all, a Harley Street specialist is not usually willing to treat a wart, whatever the fee offered!

JOHN BULL.

General VON SEECKT,
Berlin, Germany.

DEAR OLD ENEMY,—"There can be no talk of the rebirth of Germany till the military idea has again found acceptance."

Thus you declared to the people of Konigsberg.

Be assured that any revival of German militarism will spell death—not rebirth—to your Fatherland. Luckily your countrymen, having once found you out, are not likely to try you again.

I suppose, however, that as a good trades unionist in war you must try to sing the virtues of soldiering. But if I were Hindenburg I would sterilise your speeches before I let them loose on the world.

JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. WINSTON CHURCHILL,
11, *Downing Street*, S.W.

DEAR WINSTON,—If you want to indulge in a little election window-dressing calculated to draw customers to the Conservative booth, why not abolish the railway passenger duty?

Dating back to the jealousies of stage-coaching days, the duty imposes one of those foolish burdens upon industry which cut off the nose to spite the face.

Annual payments made by the railways tax brings you in a paltry £400,000 a year.

Take a wider view: repeal the duty and leave the railways free by so much more to effect the improvements that are so urgently needed.

JOHN BULL.

Commander C. E. SIFFLEET, D.S.M.,
Alton, Hants.

SIR,—You are a man after my own heart.

Orphaned at the age of eleven, you began life as a butcher boy, joined the Navy, and advanced by sheer grit to the rank of gunnery instructor.

A hero of the Battle of Jutland, you were awarded the D.S.M. You became a warrant officer, and commissioned rank followed.

Now, with the rank of lieutenant-commander, you have left the Service to become an ironmonger's assistant!

Why was a man of your ability allowed to leave his guns for pots and pans? Was it because you were not born with a silver spoon in your mouth?

JOHN BULL.

Sir WILLIAM ROBERTSON, G.C.B.,
88, Westbourne Terrace, W.

DEAR SIR WILLIAM,—In a spirited speech at Stoke you denounced war as "a senseless abomination."

As you see, I have reproved one of your German opposite numbers this week for praising militarism, and I am glad of the chance to applaud your brave remarks.

For it *does* need bravery on a Field-Marshal's part to tell the world that his own trade is a menace to civilisation.

Continue to fight against wars and armaments, and you will win the most gracious battle of all your distinguished career.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. and Mrs. LAURENCE,
Chislehurst, Kent.

DEAR YOUNG THINGS,—Because one of you wanted your baby to suck a "comforter," and the other objected, you quarrelled, separated and washed your dirty linen in the publicity of a police court.

The magistrate refused you a separation order and told you to make a fresh start.

Let me suggest that you buy two "comforters," and then, when you feel your tempers rising, put them firmly into your mouths and suck hard, until you are smiling again.

You will not long be able to watch each other "comforted" without laughing.

JOHN BULL.

The Rt. Rev. Lord WILLIAM CECIL,
Bishop of Exeter.

MY LORD,—Congratulations on your eloquent appeal in the House of Lords that the Government should ameliorate the lot of the 12,000 tramps who drift from one casual ward to the next.

Such sincere compassion and Christian charity displayed by a "spiritual lord" goes some way to rescue the Church of England from the contempt into which her squabbles have brought her.

Incidentally, too, you are on the side of the angels. We gladly accept a dinner from an idle rich man. Why should we refuse to give a dinner to an idle poor man? I can detect no moral distinction between the two acts.

JOHN BULL.

Dr. SELINA FITZHERBERT FOX,
The Medical Mission, Bermondsey.

DEAR DOCTOR,—The delightful story of your rescue of a talented slum child gives me furiously to think.

When first you found a family with a broken chair, bed and basin as the sole furniture of their "home" you determined on an experiment. Taking the mother into your service you educated her child. He repaid you by gaining scholarships and passing out from Cambridge with the highest honours.

His meteoric rise to fame in the Civil Service is a romance.

By acting fairy godmother to one child you have given the country a brilliant citizen and an ornament to its diplomatic service. But who knows what a wealth of similar jewels we lose in the festering rottenness of poverty and slum life?

JOHN BULL.

Sir WILLIAM JOYNSON and Sir JIX HICKS,
***Home Office, Whitehall*, S.W.**

DEAR TWINS.—By posing as one man you have deceived us all in believing that an individual called Sir William Joynson-Hicks really exists.

I cannot believe it.

One of you—(I suspect Jix Hicks)—talks acute common-sense about dirty books, and earns my admiration as a prison administrator with a heart of gold.

The other—the man who takes the "Joy" out of "Joynson"—disgraces himself with an irregular alliance with that notorious woman Dora.

I appeal to the decent man to repudiate his loose-lived brother, and to sever all connection with the rotter. Otherwise he will be dragged down and ruined by association in the public mind with such a scoundrel.

JOHN BULL.

FREDERICK ENTWISTLE,
formerly of Middleton, Manchester.

SIR,—Posing as a respectable solicitor and citizen of Middleton, you gambled away the money of your poor clients. You put about £5,000 on horses, and if they hadn't lost you would probably have never been found out.

Most of your clients were in humble circumstances, and you were so heartless that you had no compunction about stealing the £200 of an old woman who chiefly depended upon her old-age pension to live.

To think that once you were invited to be mayor!

JOHN BULL.

* * *

STRAIGHT *from the Shoulder*

LORD SALISBURY: "No one can pretend that the House of Commons enjoys the same respect that it formerly did."

Or is helped in its labours by the House of Lords as it once was.

MR. DUFF GORDON, M.P.: "There has never been so great an Empire with so small an Army."

That puts the tin-hat on big Armies as promoters of Empire.

MR. BALDWIN: "Transference will solve the unemployment question in a couple of years."

Robbing Peter to pay Paul never solved anything.

LORD EUSTACE PERCY: "There has been a lack of informed public opinion concerning measures necessary to a proper educational policy."

Amazing, since we keep and pay a Ministry for that express purpose.

The Sentence of the Court

BENCH AND "BAA"

Sixpenn'orth of Dark and an Unenlightened Judge

ON entering the Court, Mr. Justice MacKinnon made instinctively for the Bench, and only by tactful shepherding was he shooed into the dock to answer a charge of verbal assault and snobbery.

"As a member of the Bar, it naturally distresses me to have to conduct a case against a member of the Bench," said Mr. Watchdog, K.C. "But when a judge, under the impression that he is voicing world-shaking opinions, makes noises such as might be expected from a bemused sheep, the barriers between Bench and 'baa' disappear.

"Respecting the dignity of the law, I dislike intensely to see it sacrificed to the majesty of the jaw, for it is this wagging of long tongues by judges which is responsible for the popular impression that the law is an animal with long ears.

"Certainly this impression will not be mitigated by the announcement by the accused that he has always regarded the film industry 'as the greatest menace that has ever risen to literature, art and civilisation.' From which it would seem that, in the eyes of this slanging judge, the antics of Charlie Chaplin are a greater evil than the guns of Krupp!

"Many sneers have for many years been directed against the movies, for it is a self-imposed duty with the would-be superior few to despise whatever is admired by the many.

"But no judge, in the exercise of the precious privilege of talking through his wig, has ever made a statement which combines such a wealth of intellectual snobbery with so much poverty of thought and imagination."

* * *

Mr. Strawsplitter said that his client had been particularly irritated by overworked words like "feature" and non-existent words, such as "footage," employed in connection with a film lawsuit he was hearing. He had rightly described such stuff as "jargon," and asserted that he "did not recognise it as English." The jury should make allowance for the effect of such vulgarisms upon a sensitive mind.

* * *

"I have never been able to understand," said Mr. Justice Bull, "why things, like the kinema, which cause the eyes of ordinary people to sparkle with pleasure, should cause the noses of would-be extraordinary people to be elevated in disdain. But, apparently, what wins the praise of the mob can be relied upon to call forth the brays of the snob.

"Admittedly, many moving pictures are silly. The same, however, can be said of an equal number of books. But I have not yet heard of a wearer of horsehair so lacking in horse sense as to declare that the printing-press is a 'menace to civilisation.'

"As for the technical jargon which so offended this sensitive plant, sprung from the rarefied soil of Chancery Lane, I wonder what people in the film industry think of legal luminaries who juggle with absurdities like '*sine die*,' '*ultra vires*,' and similar odds and ends raided from cemeteries where the dead languages were long ago buried and might now be allowed to rest in pieces.

"It is obvious that the kinema has suffered no serious injury from this verbal assault, the movies being well equipped to withstand many such attacks by the 'talkies.' So I think it will be sufficient if I deprive my learned brother of the chance of again being 'featured' in the immediate future, by sentencing him to a six months' 'black out.'"

A FACTORY for FORGED TREATIES

Heine the Spy's Lurid Career in England

Sir Horace Rumbold, who denounced the forgery

THE world's newspapers have been hysterical concerning an alleged secret Treaty involving Britain, France and Belgium, and the arrest of Albert Frank Heine, who sold the momentous document to a Dutch newspaper.

Although the newspaper insisted that the document was genuine, Sir Horace Rumbold, the British Ambassador in Berlin, Jonkheer de Geer, Prime Minister of Holland, and other officials of high repute strenuously denounced the "Treaty" as a blatant forgery.

Since a disturbing doubt still lingers in the minds of thousands of citizens of the different countries involved, particularly as Heine is only being charged with an offence under the Dutch passport regulations, we feel bound to prove to the hilt that the treaty is a forgery beyond any shadow of doubt, and Heine a common spy. Foreign papers please copy.

Clever enough

Heine, since arrest, has confessed to the forgery; but a mere confession from such a person carries little weight.

He is clever enough and unscrupulous enough to confess anything that suited his own ends.

Who, then, is this mysterious man? Having enquired closely into his past activities, it is now possible to show him in his true colours.

We are able to reveal that Heine has constantly figured in espionage campaigns, though when last he was pitting himself against this country he was passing under the name of Albert Jean Frederick Frank.

He is a naturalised Belgian of German extraction, and, in view of the sinister part he has played in connection with the forged treaty, our readers will hardly be surprised to learn that Frank was exceedingly active during the early days of the war.

Beautiful arch-agent

Posing as a Belgian teacher of languages, he came to England for the ostensible purpose of study.

He had been wounded and discharged from the Belgian Army, a fact which earned him plenty of sympathy that was naturally of great assistance to him in his assumed rôle.

It so happened that in conjunction with the police the War Office authorities were growing very perturbed about the activities of a beautiful young Belgian woman, who was residing at that time in a luxurious flat in Queensborough Terrace, Hyde Park.

So many complaints were being lodged at the War Office about this beautiful young woman, who received and entertained British officers of all ranks at her apartments, that the police were instructed to keep her under observation.

It was firmly believed that her lavish entertainment of military officers was prompted by her sole desire to obtain information likely to be of value to the enemy, as she was closely associated with the accomplices of that beautiful but depraved arch-agent of Germany—Bertha Trost.

It was not long before this girl, encouraged to greater daring by Bertha's confederates, grew reckless. Then, one day, Scotland Yard swooped. She was convicted and banished to Rotterdam under escort.

Later, when Antwerp was in possession of the Germans, this self-same woman was conspicuous in that city, entertaining German officers who, by some mysterious means, acquired large quantities of English gold.

Stolen secrets

This interesting adventuress was actually the sister of the treaty-forger Heine, alias Frank!

And while she was playing her sinister part, he himself was busily amassing secret information concerning diplomats in this country.

When M. Gustave de Montpelier, Burgomaster of Kemmel, visited England on one occasion during the war, he lodged his passport at a London bank to facilitate the speedy exchange of his Belgian money into English currency.

On applying to the bank for its return, the Burgomaster found to his consternation that it had already been sent back to him!

He at once informed Scotland Yard that his passport had somehow gone astray, pointing out that as it carried the privilege of admittance to the firing-lines of the British Army, it would prove a sinister asset in undesirable hands.

When Inspector Yandell of Scotland Yard had completed his enquiries, he discovered the stolen passport in the possession of the "innocent" teacher of languages, Mr. Albert Jean Frederick Frank!

Frank was sent to prison and subsequently deported.

After that he was found in this country again and expelled, since which time he has been convicted in various parts of Europe.

The menace of forged diplomatic documents is world-wide, and only recently the United States Government reported the fact that forgers with Russian Monarchist sympathies controlled from Berlin were

Here is Heine (Below) Zinovieff whose "Letter" started the trade in forging diplomatic documents

operating in America.

We ourselves are aware that forged documents of a diplomatic nature were being hawked in England only a year or two ago.

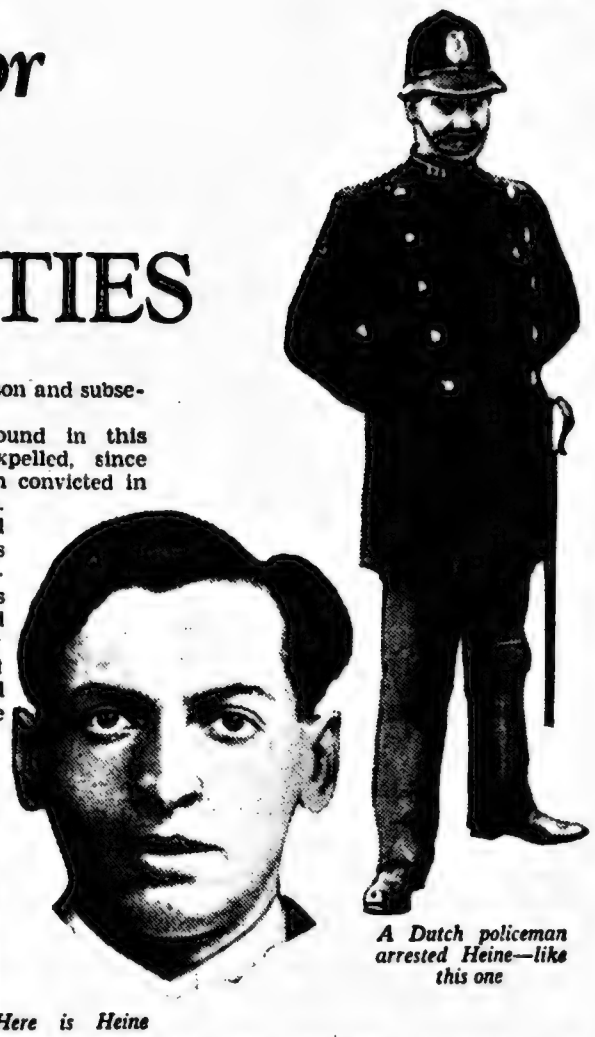
One individual had a complete set of forged Soviet documents which he actually offered to this journal and to several of our great London daily papers.

He was trading on the sensation created shortly before by the publication of the notorious Zinovieff "Red Letter."

They were beautiful forgeries and would almost have defied detection except by an expert. They were eventually sold to a certain political organisation for a colossal sum.

In the present case it is amazing that the forged "Secret Pact" ever appeared in print. The Dutch Government could and should have stopped it.

The Prime Minister himself admits that he was informed twenty-four hours before publication that it was to appear, and it is now established that the Ministry of Foreign Affairs in Holland knew weeks before that the document was being hawked about from paper to paper by the persistent Heine.



A Dutch policeman arrested Heine—like this one

J-A-I-L for HIM spells R-U-I-N for HER!

Mrs. Neville

IN a single, fourth-floor room, for which she is forced to pay £1 5s. a week, a frail, weak-looking woman is struggling to exist in the face of fearful odds.

She is Mrs. Neville, of Maida Vale, London, and she is an invalid who, for the past year or two, has drifted from one sanatorium to another. She is an incurable consumptive and unfit for work.

Yet Mrs. Neville would willingly tackle work if it were not for another problem—the problem of finding someone to act as foster-mother for her little boy in her absence from home.

Mrs. Neville is only twenty-six, and came from Ireland to be trained as a nurse. When she married in 1923 she had little idea that she was in such an advanced stage of consumption.

Her husband was employed as a temporary sorter at the Western District Post Office, and when his wife's health began to fail he exerted every effort.

But his wages from his postal employment only brought him the miserable sum of 34s. 1d. a week, and to augment this he obtained spare-time work in a kinema.

On some days he would work at the kinema from 10 a.m. until 4 p.m., and then rush away to the Post Office to work there until 9.30 p.m.

* * *

Yet even in his best weeks his total income would not amount to more than £2 14s. 1d.

And his expenses were very high, for when his wife was not well enough to care for her little son an outside nurse had to be found. This alone swallowed up 15s. a week.

Neville served in the war and was very severely wounded in the leg, but all efforts to secure a pension have been unsuccessful.

Finally, driven to distraction by the never-ending battle to provide adequately for his ailing wife and growing child, Neville yielded to sudden temptation. He stole letters from the Post Office, a very grave offence.

As a result, he has now gone to jail for two months, and his unhappy wife has thus been left in the plight already described.

* * *

Neville, of course, cannot be excused for his temporary lapse from honesty.

But we cannot help feeling that low wages and high rents have played a leading part in bringing about this terrible domestic tragedy, which will awaken the sympathy of every wife and mother in the land.

* * *

Profit and Pleasure

Put on your thinking-cap—light your pipe—pull your chair up to the fire—pat the dog—put on your carpet slippers and settle down to "John Bull's" Square-and-Fair Crossword.

£500 must be won this week for a little bit of quiet amusement. Turn to page 4 now!

He Once Served a RAJAH —now he's on the DOLE!

Sir Grimwood Mears, Chief Justice of the North-Western Provinces, in whose courts alone Mr. Lis can bring a suit

WHEN a City firm introduced him to the Rai Bahadur Jagmal Raja, of Naini, India, Mr. Francis Lis, of "The Bower," Minster-on-Sea, Kent, imagined that he had found the stepping-stone to future prosperity.

He sailed to India full of high hopes, and in due course succeeded in obtaining the appointment of works manager and chief engineer at the Rai Bahadur Jagmal Raja's glass-works.

From the outset he tackled his new duties with zest; but finding the glass-works considerably antiquated, he suggested to his employer, who is a very wealthy man, that the factory's earning capacity could be greatly enhanced by the introduction of up-to-date machinery from England.

New machinery

The Rai Bahadur readily fell in with this suggestion, and Mr. Lis came back to England, selected the necessary equipment, made all arrangements for its shipment, and then returned to India. this time taking his wife and family with him.

The new machinery was installed, and for a time everything ran smoothly. Then Mr. Lis had the misfortune to lose his youngest child, a boy of four months, while the health of the other children and that of his wife became affected by the Indian climate.

Picturesque but unhealthy jungle scenery surrounds Naini

The picturesque jungle scenery could not lighten the many hardships that had to be endured, and many a time the little family sighed for a breath of pure English air and thought regretfully of the fair county of Kent that they had left behind them.

Still. his position was a good one, and Mr. Lis hoped in time to improve the circumstances in which his family were living.

He stuck closely to his work, putting in long hours in the factory, and devoting infinite patience to instructing the native employees in the care of the new machinery.

One evening, when he was on duty, a catastrophe occurred. One of the automatic bottle-machines suddenly broke down.

No one else in the factory understood anything about this particular machine, so it was clearly his duty to do what he could single-handed.

Mr. Lis tackled the job on the spot, and before very long had the machine in working order again. Production had just recommenced, and Mr. Lis was standing by the machine when his coat-sleeve was caught up by a cog-wheel. Before he could disengage it his arm was drawn into the machinery.

The pain was agonising, but Mr. Lis retained sufficient command of his senses to stop the machine with his free hand, otherwise his whole body would have been crushed.

Help was speedily summoned, and Mr. Lis was extricated from the machinery and rushed to hospital. It was found necessary to amputate his left arm.

At his own risk

Meanwhile the strain and worry had badly affected his wife's health, so that it became imperative to send her back to England. Then, to his utter consternation, Mr. Lis found himself discharged from his post.

He is now back in England with his family, and for the last seven months he has been on the "dole." All efforts to secure compensation for the loss of his arm have failed, so his future outlook is black and hopeless.

He has been told bluntly that he has no claim against his employer, but if he wishes to go to court he may do so at his own risk.

As his claim would have to be pressed in India, and as Mr. Lis is quite without financial means, this method of obtaining redress is out of the question.

There was, it is true, no written agreement relating to the appointment held by Mr. Lis, but it is strange that the injured man should not have received any compassionate grant.

His VICTIMS LIKE Him!

Beware of Handsome Hartley!

HIS name is Stanley Hartley—not that he likes you to know. He is twenty-four years of age and from a mouth nearly 6 ft. up issues a never-ending flow of persuasive and fascinating talk in a strong American accent.

His handsome face is invariably wreathed in disarming smiles. His well-cut suit and broad-pointed shoes impart the atmosphere of Broadway.

You would like Stanley if you met him, but you would soon regret the acquaintanceship.

Quite recently Stanley called at a cafe in Manchester, where he introduced himself as a stranger to the district and asked the manager if he could suggest any respectable establishment where he could "put up" for the night.

* * *

Deceived by the amiable fellow, the manager sent him to the house of a friend, where he duly appeared armed with the introduction thus effected.

He explained that he was a canned goods traveller from Canada. The headquarters of his firm in England were at North Allerton, some distance away, but he had a large stock at the station and he asked the permission of his landlord to dump this in his room.

Owing to a breakdown, he said, he had been obliged to leave his two-seater car at Liverpool.

He stayed at the house for several days and nights, but no goods arrived, and then he said he was going to Liverpool to fetch his car.

* * *

He never returned and left behind him a dishonoured cheque for £10, plus a number of worthless forms that he had filled up to inspire his landlord's confidence.

We find that instead of going to Liverpool he next appeared at Blackpool, where he explained that he was an agricultural engineer from Canada over in this country for a little leisure.

A few days later he skipped off from a local hotel without paying his account, and added to his bad reputation by taking with him an expensive gold watch belonging to one of the guests.

Case after case of this kind is being reported against Stanley Hartley, and hotel and boarding-house owners would be well advised to beware.

WAR WORKER PENALISED

Puzzling Pension Problem

WHY is Mr. Thomas A. White, an aged war-time munition worker, being deprived of his rights to old-age pension?

He was born in September, 1857, in Birmingham. Here he remained until he was about twenty-four years of age, when he emigrated to the United States and became a naturalised American citizen.

He returned to England in 1910, with the intention of residing here permanently and, with the exception of a six weeks' visit he paid to Florida in 1912, he has not been out of the country since.

Under the impression that three years' absence from America would cancel his American citizenship, and that he would automatically revert to his former status as a British subject, no thought of anything being wrong entered his head.

* * *

The question was never raised during the war. Both he and his wife were registered in Birmingham under the National Registration Act of 1915, and, further, he himself was enrolled as a worker at the Arsenal at Woolwich from 1916 until 1918.

In 1926, to his utter amazement, he discovered that he was a man without a country, and that he would have to apply through the Home Office for permission to become a British citizen again.

This he did, and on January 31, 1927, he was given a formal certificate of naturalisation.

In July of the same year he applied for the old-age pension both for himself and his wife (who is only nine months his junior).

In the following August his application was finally turned down by the Ministry of Health.

* *

Can it be that because he failed officially to request his English nationality to be re-established when he returned to this country in 1912 that the Ministry is splitting hairs and denying his obvious rights?

We have before us a card issued by the Ministry of National Service during the war, certifying that Mr. White had been duly enrolled as a "war worker volunteer in the service of King and country."

Is this action by the Ministry of Health his reward?

Banks Concerned in £64,000,000 COTTON SCARE

NEVER in the history of British commerce has so much misery and despair settled upon a single industry as that which is being experienced to-day in every branch of the textile trade.

Tens of millions of pounds have been lost by shareholders during the past few years through the colossal gambling of bankers and financiers in the cotton-spinning industry.

When so many thousand harassed citizens are involved we are only too pleased to give publicity to what is undoubtedly a sinister scandal.

In something like 200 cotton-spinning companies which have met with disaster, the shareholders, who include countless working mill-hands themselves, have subscribed to the tune of £64,000,000!

The first shadow fell after the war, when the effect of callous speculations that had been indulged in by financiers, who had profiteered by exploiting cotton and cotton-waste during the war-time demands, became felt.

Disaster followed disaster; values dropped; creditors rushed to realise preferential claims, and mill after mill became bankrupt.

For the last eight years investing spinners have been fighting valiantly for existence. As each mill went into liquidation and its paid-up capital was lost, shareholders were called upon by liquidators to meet the unpaid calls.

Homes sold up

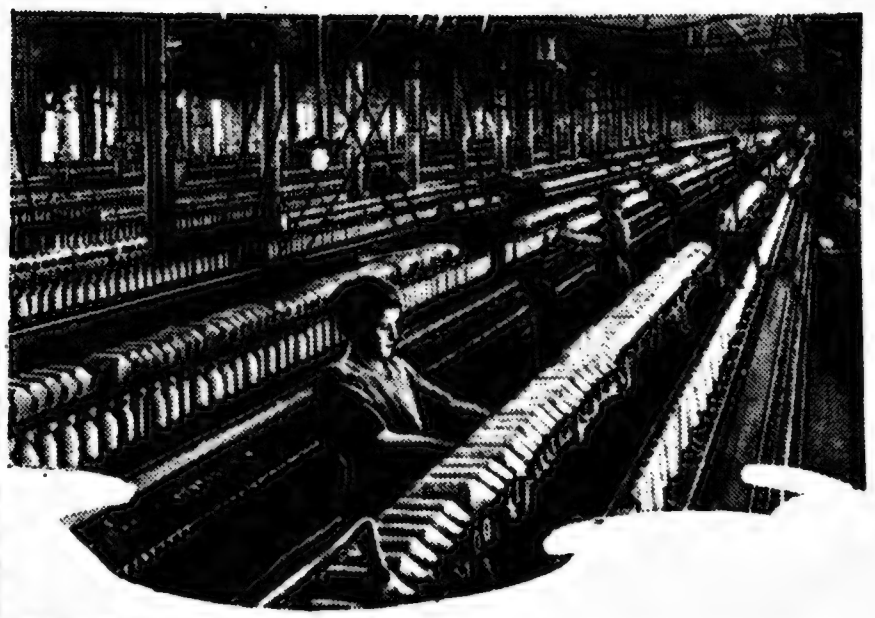
Closed mills meant unemployment, and being without work, how could the mill-hand shareholders hope to meet such heavy demands? Innumerable homes have been sold up in consequence, and more than one despairing man has taken his life as the only possible avenue of escape from misery.

Then, two years ago, a concern called the Cotton Yarn Association, Ltd., was founded to endeavour to recoup some of the overwhelming losses.

A commendable measure of success has been achieved, but the association has been unable to stabilise the position in the way it had hoped to do.

During the last few weeks, in fact, it has created a worse furore than ever amongst cotton-spinners and shareholders by fostering a scheme for a gigantic combine which, according to preliminary announcements, is to be the salvation of the cotton trade.

The proposed combine, the title of which is the Lancashire Textile Corporation, Ltd., is meeting with universal opposition, and has been scathingly denounced by Mr. Albert E. Wood, K.C., who asserted that the combine would be able to obtain, through the support of certain banks, the assets of cotton-spinning mills at bankrupt prices.



Thousands of Lancashire cotton-spinning mills, such as this one, stand idle and desolate

At a crowded meeting of shareholders recently it was asserted that to advertise the scheme as one for which the Cotton Yarn Association was responsible was unfair to its members, who had passed no resolution endorsing it.

Now the banks in question hold most of the preliminary claims on the cotton mills involved. Being mortgagees or debenture holders, they naturally assume the major control. And, as their own claims are first on the list to be met, the wretched shareholders might be in a more hopeless position than ever!

Coining easy fortunes

Such a situation would be intolerable. Can it be wondered that, in these circumstances many cotton-trade experts consider that the scheme would result in the banks gaining complete control of the industry at one bound and so deal a deathblow to the American section of the trade?

For this combine, if it is permitted to assume control, will enjoy amazing powers. It will even be able to force a mill into bankruptcy and then buy up all its spindles and assets at the lowest price the liquidator can be induced to accept!

Terrified investors

In one typical instance, for example, it will have the right—if such a word can be used—to call in something like £17,000,000 from the shareholders of a bankrupt concern, whose interests will come last among the endless claims of preferential debenture holders and general creditors!

Is it surprising that the investors who have lost £64,000,000 are terrified at a scheme which enables banks to assume control when those banks have only subscribed a quarter of this sum?

With such vital issues at stake, and so many ruined spinners involved, we urge Parliament to set the cotton industry on its feet, and to dispel the cloud of gloom that is now hanging over thousands of homes.

Spikesman's DUMMIES in the DOCK

Postal Pest's Latest Escapade

The innocent means Spikesman abuses to plant his cunning traps

SMALL advertisements calculated to tempt the workless; eager replies from men who have been face to face with starvation; postmen laden with paper mails—and smug, self-satisfied clerks, sitting back comfortably in their armchairs, counting up the bills.

Here, in a nutshell, you have the swipe which more than one postal plunderer has found to yield an unfailing source of profit.

The ranks of the postal pests have swollen very considerably of late, and there is probably a definite ratio to the increase in the unemployed, for it is amongst the workless that these rascals find most of their dupes.

A case which ought to engage the immediate attention of the Board of Trade is concealed behind a recent prosecution where two men named William Morley and Richard Pick were charged with obtaining money by false pretences at Marlborough Street Police Court.

These men were, to all intents and purposes, the sole proprietors of a concern called Imperial Publicity, which offered envelope-addressing work at home to people in various parts of the country.

Generous remuneration was offered, but the work could only be obtained by those who first sent 10s. as a "sign of good faith."

Many unemployed folk in distant parts sent the fee demanded, and received nothing whatever in return. After a number of complaints had been lodged with the police at Vine Street, Morley and Pick were arrested and, pleading "Not guilty" at Marlborough Street, were committed for trial at the Old Bailey.

The hearing lasted five days, and as the jury then disagreed, a fresh trial became necessary.

His latest alias

This terminated a few weeks ago in their changing the plea of "Not guilty" to "Guilty," with the result that Judge Atherley-Jones bound them over, observing that they had suffered sufficiently for a first offence by the anxiety they had endured during the protracted proceedings.

This, as far as the public is concerned, is the end of the case, but we are in a position to disclose the fact that Morley and Pick were in the employ of the Imperial Publicity concern, which was only the latest of a long string of trading aliases adopted by Leslie Archibald Spikesman, who has often been exposed in these columns in connection with various postal ramps.

Maximum penalty

Spikesman, several times in the course of his impudent career, has remained behind the scenes in fee-snatching concerns of this type, and was once fined the maximum penalty when the Board of Trade prosecuted him for a breach of the registration laws.

If the Board of Trade will now call for the written statements made to the police by Morley and Pick regarding their association with Spikesman, they will obtain ample evidence to justify them in keeping a very strict official eye upon Spikesman in the future.

A similar postal pest who works on his own is an individual known as Frank McNamara, about whom the police have received numerous complaints.

His favourite plan of campaign is to pose as an advertising expert and to attract unemployed men by means of advertisements offering "special appointments."

Applicants find that they must first send a small fee as a sign of good faith, but McNamara shows no such sign, as he works only from accommodation addresses and disappears with his profitable post after a few days.

In recent postal coups this rascal has adopted various aliases, including those of Burke and Sinclair.

On the alert

Although the advertising managers of newspapers are always on the alert, the more polished postal pests are crafty enough to vary their announcements sufficiently to disarm suspicion, and their request for a fee is seldom made until applicants have first responded.

Such a request should be regarded as a danger-signal, and applicants should never part with their money until they have satisfied themselves by enquiry that the advertiser is sincere.

• • •

ON THE SQUARE!

Our "Square and Fair" £500 Crossword gives an equal opportunity to every reader! See page 4.

WHY DO MEN ADMIRE HER?

She may be several years older than others in her circle, but she has an irresistible attraction — one which keeps her looking more youthful than her years—one which never fails to bring admiration and flattering attentions. It is the appealing, smooth perfection of her fresh, *well-nourished* skin. With its rose-petal softness, its child-like smoothness, and its fine, unblemished texture, it might well be envied by a schoolgirl. *She has learned the secret of feeding her skin.* Under-nourished

skins can never be beautiful—yet most women have under-nourished skins. *Feed your skin! Nourish the tissues!*

That's the first step to *natural* beauty Smooth out the lines. Efface the wrinkles. Soften the skin. Give your complexion the clear, transparent freshness of youth. Do this by feeding the tissues through the pores with a rich, tissue-building skin food. Predigested buttermilk and olive oil provide the most nourishing and beautifying skin-foods known. You get them both scientifically combined in Crème Tokalon. This dainty cream rejuvenates, nourishes and beautifies. Over thirty million jars have been sold. It is used by the most beautiful stage stars and society leaders—women who simply *must* have beautiful skins—who *must* look young. Try Crème Tokalon to-day. It is pure. It is inexpensive. It is *guaranteed* to give satisfactory results

Crème Tokalon

A Nourishing & Beautifying Skin Food

Vanishing Cream .. .. .. 10d. and 1/6.
Night Cream .. .. .. 10d. and 1/6.
Tubes .. .. 10½d. and 6d. (handbag size).

THE HUMAN MACHINE

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By

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2 ROLLER LEVER BRAKES
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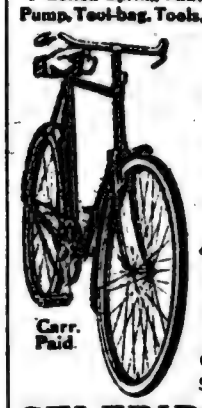

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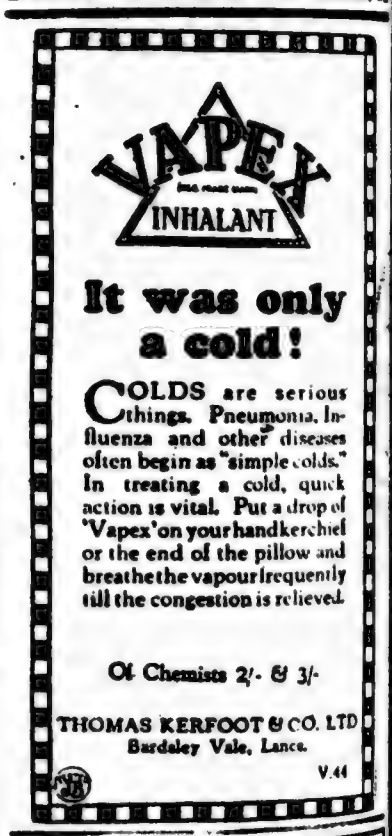

It was only a cold!

COLDS are serious things. Pneumonia, Influenza and other diseases often begin as "simple colds." In treating a cold, quick action is vital. Put a drop of "Vapex" on your handkerchief or the end of the pillow and breathe the vapour frequently till the congestion is relieved.

Of Chemists 2/- & 3/-

THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD
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This is a typical 'GRAVES SPECIALITY.' It contains only goods of warranted excellence & unquestionable merit, and stands supreme in a class by itself.
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10/- NOW
TERMS: Send 10/- now, and complete purchase in 6 monthly payments of 10/- Full Approval. Money refunded if disappointed.
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YADIL
That is the record of the Home when 'Yadil' is in use—"no flu." 'Yadil,' the antiseptic healer, has been analysed and certified as absolutely safe to use. Safe and Certain, it strikes immediately at the very root of the disease.
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10/6 NOW

Our inclusive Bargain Price is for Deferred Payments. Send 10/6 now, and complete purchase in 14 monthly payments of 10/6 If you are not satisfied after trying the set in your own home, Money back in any way disappointed.

BRIEF SPECIFICATION Cabinet of polished figured Oak, beautifully finished with hinged lid. Nulbrd Dull Emitter Valves, anti-microphonic valve-holders; H.T. Battery; 2-Volt Accumulator; Tuning Dials of exceptional capacity, and complete Aerial Outfit. LOUD SPEAKER specially constructed to co-operate with the Set, and Oak-grained to match the Cabinet. In both reception and reproduction it may be relied upon to give excellent results. The Set complete £17.17.6

CATALOGUE FREE. For complete description of this amazing 2-Valve Set, and other powerful Installations, write for Illustrated Catalogue to-day.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd.
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Ironclads, whether of sea or land, cannot guarantee our safety. To-day Britain's bulwarks are in the clouds.

The Writing on the SKY

by A. G. GARDINER

Let Britannia Rule the Clouds—the Waves no longer Guard her Shores

MR. CHURCHILL has now got in all his Budget Estimates, and we know the worst. There will be no relief of taxation. There will be thing off the income-tax, nothing off rect taxation—no change in any- g, except a trumpery juggle with es here and there.

do not blame Mr. Churchill. If he d produce a popular Budget, with a hing cut at the income-tax and an round scaling down of taxes on tea, , tobacco, petrol and so on, of se he would do it.

is not he who does the spending. job is to present us with the bill to set at work the machinery to pel us to pay.

will be a monstrous bill, some- g over 800 millions sterling. That say, during every day of the next ncial year we shall spend on public ices, as we spent during every day he year that is closing, more than illions sterling.

uring every hour of the year we ll spend more than £100,000. And y penny of that gigantic fine will aid by the taxpayer.

ut it is not its enormity alone makes it so alarming. If all this ouring of national wealth were or reproductive or beneficial, we ld at least have the satisfaction of wing that there was no alternative. ut we have not that satisfaction. the contrary, we know that much he money is wasted and worse than ted. We are not stronger or more re for the expenditure: we are ker and less secure.

Every minute!

will take the case of armaments. Churchill, in his coming Budget, ask for 112 millions odd for fight- purposes. Of this, nearly 56 mil- is for the Navy, 41 millions for Army, 16 millions for the Air e.

Mr. J. L. Garvin has pointed out e "Observer," this means that dur- every minute of the year we shall d £200 of taxpayers' money in e services. Every minute! Try to se it. Take out your watch and it ticking to the tune of £200 a ute.

t that is not all. Mr. Garvin ted an important item. If prepar- for future wars costs us £200 a ute, paying for past wars costs us a minute—in all your watch ticks to the martial tune of £800 a minute.

Or to put it another way, of every £1 we raise in taxation 14s. goes to pay for the wars of the past and the possible wars of the future.

This would be alarming enough even if it provided security. But it doesn't. We are less secure to-day than we have been for centuries.

Let us look at the facts. The submarine has changed the whole naval problem of this country. It has ended sea-power in the old sense.

We may spend our last copper in building Dreadnoughts, and our food line would still be vulnerable to submarine attack. We should be starved out in six weeks.

A lesson unlearnt

This should change our whole naval strategy. Instead of the "freedom of the seas" being a menace to us, it is *our only hope of security if war comes.* It provides the only way in which we can be fed—that is, by neutral ships immune from enemy attack.

And so with the problem of land war. The experience of the Great War has settled one thing. We shall never engage in a great Continental war again on the same scale. We shall not do so for the simple reason that the cost of maintaining armies of millions of men overseas is too ruinous to be contemplated.

Nor do we need great armies for home defence, for the war made clear another thing: *We shall never be invaded by foreign armies.* We shall not be invaded by them, not merely because it is militarily impossible, *but because it is unnecessary.*

If ever we are invaded it will be from the air. Just as the submarine has superseded the battleship, so the aeroplane has superseded the Army.

These are the tremendous lessons that emerged from the war. They have been wholly lost upon the Admiralty and the Government, as the new Estimates show.

We are spending our wealth on the wrong things. We are building obsolete battleships when the danger is the submarine. We are wasting money on the Army when the danger of invasion is from the air.

We have not yet realised that the whole character of war has changed, and that henceforth our sphere of attack and defence is not on the sea, nor on the land, but in the air.

France has realised this. Germany has realised it. France does not care twopence about cruisers. She is concerned only with submarines and aeroplanes. She has outdistanced us in both. Germany, forbidden to build engines of war, has established a flying start in civilian aviation.

We alone are left at the post, squandering our £200 a minute on obsolete ships, while the dominion of the air, both military and civil, passes to our neighbours unchallenged.

That is what I mean when I say that, in spite of this vast expenditure on armaments, we are more insecure than we have ever been. We are more insecure because we are putting our money on the wrong horse.

The empty stable

We are attempting to preserve a dictatorship of the sea which has become irrelevant, and we are neglecting the field in which the issues of the future will be settled.

I do not mean by this that we must cut down our extravagances on Army and Navy in order to start a furious competition for supremacy in submarines with France and in aeroplanes with France and Germany.

But I do mean that our present expenditure on armaments is largely sheer waste, and that our relative neglect of the air is a criminal folly.

The development of aviation is not only essential to the commercial interests of the country: it is vital as a defensive measure.

In this matter Germany is setting us the example that we should follow. We should aim at making our efficiency in civil aviation second to none

That would not be a challenge to dominion in the air, but it would be a warning to all that in case of necessity we have resources that must be reckoned with.

Plot for peace!

But this is not the only lesson of that £200 a minute waste. If we are to stop that waste we must throw all our energies into organising peace. We must cease the nagging with America.

Let us recognise that our security is bound up with a good understanding with that country, and with the acceptance of the principle of the freedom of the seas.

We can have that understanding tomorrow, and in getting it we can not only save the millions we are wasting on useless cruisers, but we can practically enforce the outlawry of war.

If London and Washington march in step in the path of peace they have the power to compel the whole world to march with them.

Homely Wisdom *by the Rev. R. J. Campbell, D.D.*

Humour and Morals

THE late Bishop Boyd-Carpenter, one of the most lovable men I ever knew, gave me the following personal reminiscence.

As Bishop of Ripon he had sometimes to deal, like other bishops, with black sheep among his clergy.

They were not many, but in so large a body as the clergy of the Church of England there will always be some scamps.

One fellow of this sort had been reported to the bishop repeatedly, but no accusation could be brought home to him.

But at length a private tribunal was convened at the bishop's residence to enquire into the numerous charges laid against the culprit.

Witnesses told their tales, questions were asked, arguments proceeded, but all in vain.

Finally, the bishop took the man into his study and shut the door.

"Now," he said, "we are quite alone. No one can hear a word we say. Tell me, just as between ourselves, aren't you a thorough rascal?" A twinkle came into the eyes of the scamp.

"Thank you, my lord," he replied. "You need not fear that I shall betray your confidence; we are all frail."

The bishop was dumbfounded.

I do not know what was the upshot of the conference, though, as the bishop had a lively sense of humour, he enjoyed recalling the incident.

The late Bishop Boyd-Carpenter

To find himself suddenly in the position of a guilty party owning up to a confidant must have been utterly bewildering, to say the least.

The tables were turned on him.

But I cannot believe that a man with a sense of humour can be utterly depraved.

Humour and kindliness are yokefellows. There is always hope of the man who laughs instead of hating.

To laugh at another's pain is a different thing altogether; it is the joy of the damned.

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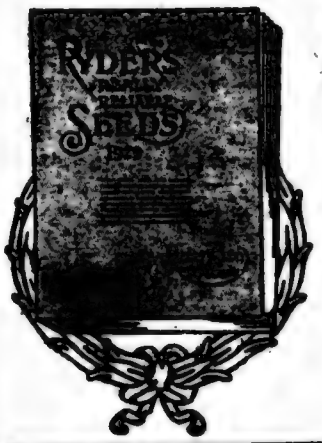

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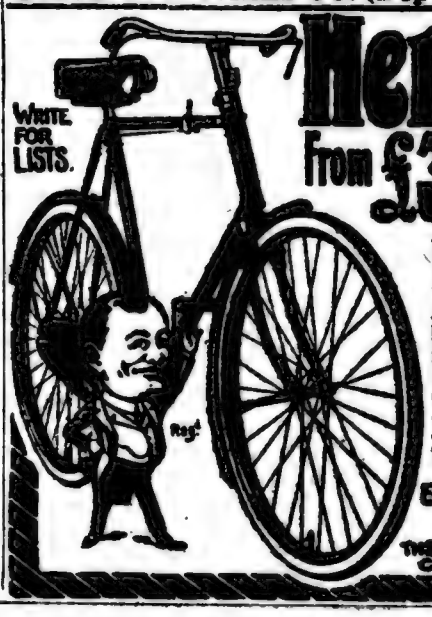

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A LITTLE BILL *to Safeguard* ILLEGAL MILLIONS

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON

Working in the "John Bull" Industrial Assurance Bureau, which is (as you can see) snowed under with letters from readers who want justice done them

THERE is being quietly slipped through the House of Commons a Bill which for sheer cynical iniquity has rarely been equalled. I have a copy the Bill before me as I write, and ached to it a letter from a Member Parliament who sent it to me.

"This is a damnable Bill," he says. You have already done a lot for se poor dupes, and it would be an cellent thing if you could let every mber of Parliament know the quities of these new proposals. It ght then be possible to stop the Bill ng through before the election."

The unholy plot

The dupes to which he refers are people who for years have been pless in the grip of the great instrial assurance companies, and the l is the result of the secret meets between Government officials, irance actuaries, and the Industrial surance Commissioner, which JOHN LL exposed two or three weeks ago. That exposure created something in nature of consternation.

There was mighty perturbation and esperate endeavour to find out how IN BULL had discovered the unholy t that was being hatched.

They do not know yet and they never l know. It is enough that JOHN LL did discover it in time.

But, despite the exposure, the Bill s pressed forward. Despite the orous opposition of a small group Members who got to know at the t moment what was going on, it s already passed its second reading. If it ever reaches the Statute Book will be one of the most dastardly ings that have ever been engineered the expense of helpless people.

Despite its mass of words, its legal raseology and its clauses and schees, its object can be stated in a words. It makes legal policies ich the courts have declared illegal.

Stop baby-farming

t enables the companies to do what y have for years been forbidden to by the Friendly Societies Act, and llect premiums from the parents of ldren who wish to insure these ldren for excessive amounts.

There is not much one can find to ise in the laws dealing with instrial assurance, but this refusal allow the lives of young children be insured for any considerable m was one of the few really wise d far-seeing provisions.

t was designed to stop baby-farm-, to prevent children being at the rcy of brutal parents to whose adntage it would be did the child , and to put out of reach the conderation of profit being made out the deaths of kiddies.

All these things are killed by this reptitious Bill, and since it is that st vicious piece of legislation, a respective Bill, it will, if it is allowed pass into law, protect the companies m the penalties they have earned defying the law for the past fifteen twenty years.

There are at this moment two orphan children, inmates of the Newland Cottage Homes at Hull, on whose lives the parents paid £20 on illegal policies.

Sir Thomas Inskip, the Attorney-General

The company has given no return. If the Bill passes, the company will be able to keep the money which it obtained illegally as a legal right.

There is the case of Mr. Segall, who lives in south-west London. In September, 1925, two policies were issued on the lives of his children, each at a weekly premium of 2s. 6d., and up to March, 1927, when the poverty of the family compelled the cessation of the payments, the premiums totalled £20 5s., for which no return whatever has been given by the company.

At the moment this money can be recovered on the grounds that the policies were illegal and should never have been issued, but if and when this hole-and-corner Bill comes into operation, the money will not be recoverable; it will become the absolute property of the company.

There is, lastly, the case of Mr. Bateman, who was allowed to take out an illegal policy on the life of an infant and three endowment policies on the same life, which totalled £52 5s.

No prosecution

Certain technicalities forced the Industrial Assurance Commissioner to dismiss the case when it was put before him, but he refused to prosecute the company. Why?

The Industrial Assurance Commissioner's office was established by the 1923 Industrial Assurance Act for the specific purpose of protecting the policy-holder in any dispute with the companies.

It must not pass

It is one of the most amazing sights, even in this age of mad politics, to find this iniquitous Bill actually being drafted in the Commissioner's own office and to see sitting there actuaries of the companies, in secret conclave with Treasury officials, at the behest of Sir Thomas Inskip, the Attorney-General.

It is a thing that, if it were not true, would be well-nigh unbelievable. It is a subject on which I might very well be excused for expressing myself in the strongest possible language, and with the utmost indignation.

I have deliberately tried to set forth nothing but the bare facts of the case, because I wish to appeal to the conscience and humanity of Members of Parliament, no matter to what Party they may belong, and to appeal to them to see to it that this Bill is not allowed to pass.

It is not justice; it is not even elementary justice, that this thing should be done without a single representative of the policy-holders being asked to give evidence.

The very secrecy with which negotiations have been conducted shows there is something to hide and something to fear.

It is the clear duty of the House of Commons to find out what this "something" is.

Smelling to heaven

The whole Augean stables of industrial assurance are in need of a much overdue spring clean.

They smell to high heaven. They revolt not only the stomachs, but the very souls and consciences of those who hold justice to be above profit and fair play beyond the price of dividends.

There will be set up some day what I have demanded for years, and what I shall continue to demand—a Royal Commission to probe to the depths the infamous secrets of this unholy business.

The day that it is set up will be the day on which millions of the poor of this country will come, for the first time, within measurable distance of their rights.

The Human Machine

Lucky Man!

IF you had the chance would you start again at the beginning and live your life over again?

It is a fascinating speculation, and one in which everyone has probably indulged. But would you?

Viscount Haldane was once asked this question, and his reply was a prompt "No!"

"For," he said, "we are apt greatly to underrate the part which accident and good luck has really played in the shaping of our careers and in giving us such successes as we have had."

People are very apt to forget this element of luck, and to that extent Viscount Haldane was right. The luck we have had might not come our way if we tried to reproduce our lives a second time.

But he was only partly right. Luck is like a good hand of cards. It has to be played with skill and foresight.

Nobody ever got ahead just simply because he was lucky. Luck is merely the chance presenting of an opportunity. But how many people let the opportunity slip! How many people never even realise that they have had an opportunity presented to them at all!

Most of the "luck" that people have in the eyes of their envious neighbours is really nothing of the sort. It is ability to see chances as they come.

It is also the ability to use the chance when it has been recognised.

The paths of life are many and varied. Some lead to the heights and some to the depths. Some lead nowhere.

Much of so-called "luck" is due to keeping one's eyes open, to picking out the right path, and to the pluck that enables the wayfarer to follow it to the end.

The true philosophy of life is not to wait for luck to come, but to seize opportunity as it flies and turn it to your own ends.

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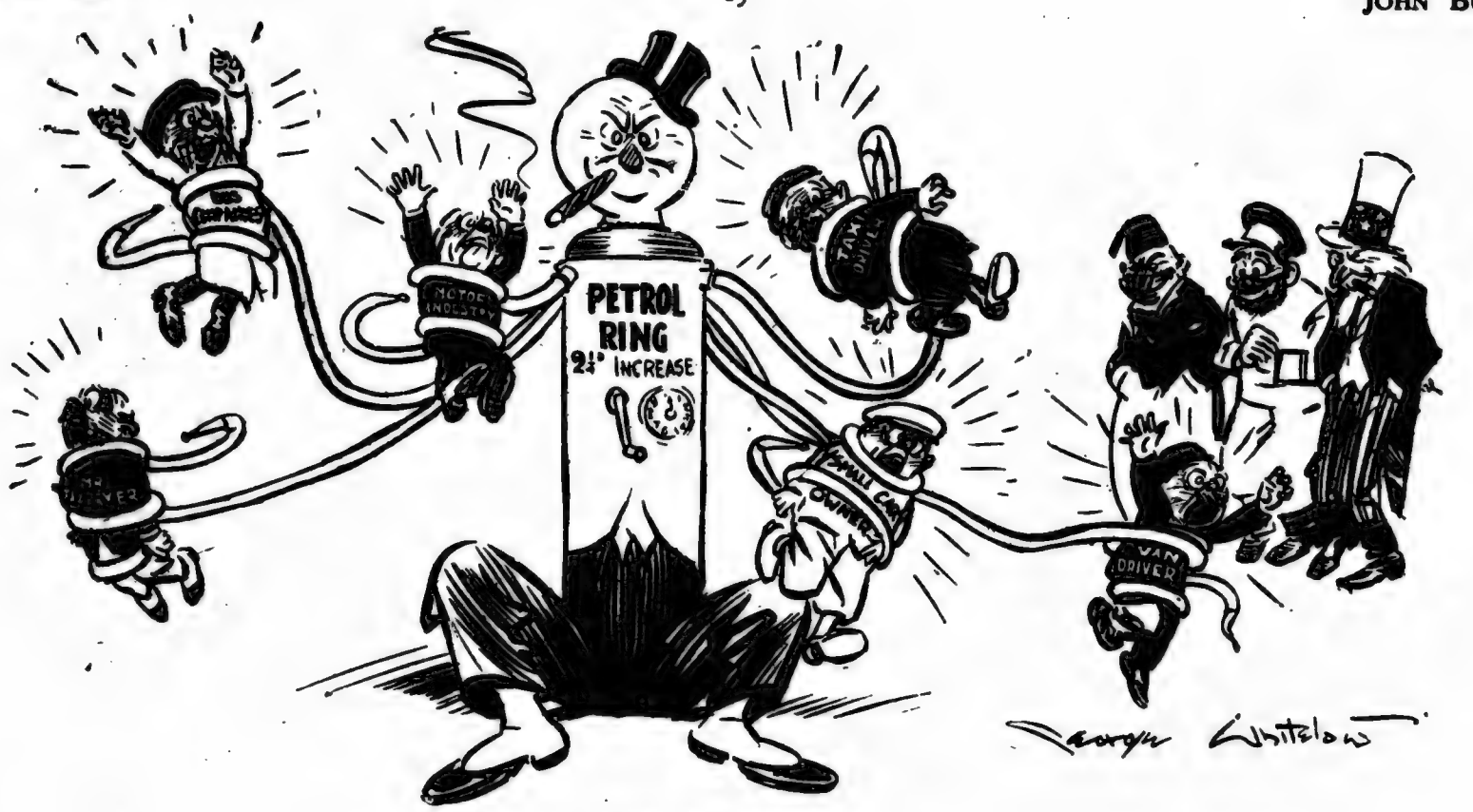


THE BIG SQUEEZE

DAM *this* *Spate of* GARBAGE!

Without Fear or Favour

by the Editor

WE have not the smallest sympathy with the people who are howling for somebody's blood because books like "The Sleeveless Errand" are promptly consigned to oblivion by the law.

We have read this book, as we read "The Well of Loneliness" and "Lady Chatterley's Lover." We unhesitatingly agree with the action that has been taken against them.

They are beastly books—just that and nothing more.

We ourselves would have suppressed them without a second thought if we had had the power.

That side of the question doesn't worry us. What we are concerned with is the fact that a handful of misguided writers is bringing us within measurable distance of a literary censorship—and that worries us a great deal.

We detest censorships. We have a hearty distaste for anything that puts the nation in leading-strings and that attempts to treat people as though they were children.

We love freedom, both freedom of thought and freedom of expression. It is the birthright of democracy, and every healthy-minded citizen will fight stubbornly against every attempt to infringe it.

But there are always people who confuse liberty with licence. They are always a minority, and for that reason tend to be ignored until, too late, we wake up to discover how firmly they have riveted chains round our limbs.

It is happening now. A small band of writers is busy forcing authority to impose the most odious of all restrictions, a literary censorship.

IT is no good howling for the Home Secretary's blood. He has handled a delicate situation with restraint and dignity. He has acted with sound judgment and common-sense.

It is the clear duty of critics to keep their profession clean, by plucking up courage to label filth disguised as literature for what it is.

It is the equal duty of reputable publishers to refuse point-blank to publish obscenity.

With the disreputable publisher the law can be trusted to deal as it has always dealt.

This outpouring of filth has clearly got to be stopped, but it does not need a censorship to stop it.

It merely needs a return to sanity on the part of publishers and critics.

On the other hand, there is no excuse whatever for the very questionable methods by which the Home Office, in conjunction with the Post Office, is imposing a secret censorship under the powers they already possess.

The seizure in the post of the manuscript poems Mr. D. H. Lawrence was sending to his agent is really the sort of thing one would only expect from the Russian "Cheka."

We agree with Mr. Pethick-Lawrence, M.P. that even the evil of a definite censorship would be preferable to the haphazard working of secretive officialdom.

There is no need for either if the publishers will proceed forthwith to ban the spate of filth.

• • •

FOLLOWING our exposure of the "song-plugging" nuisance at the B.B.C. has come a series of moves that mean nothing less than open warfare between the B.B.C. and the publishers.

War to the knife!

As our readers know, the only remedy the B.B.C. had to propose for the disgraceful state into which dance-band broadcasts had fallen was to ban the announcement of the titles of the numbers played.

It was an obvious measure of desperation, and the publishers were not in the least likely to take it lying down.

Their immediate reply was to join hands with the Performing Right Society and threaten to withdraw from the B.B.C. the right to broadcast any copyright music at all.

As the Performing Right Society controls something like 90 per cent. of the supply of music, it does not need much imagination to see what would happen!

Meanwhile, we want to know where the listener comes in. Has he no rights in the matter? Or is he merely to pay his 10s. and be thankful that the B.B.C. programmes are no worse than they are?

We have already suggested to the B.B.C. the only remedy that is of any real avail—that they should pay such dance bands as they wish to broadcast, and insist on a hand in the selection of the programmes.

THE Lord Chief Justice is never tired of criticising the increasing trend towards bureaucracy to which we are drifting with startling rapidity. He has for long announced an outspoken look on the subject, and it is a pity that its appearance is so long delayed.

Meddlesome Ministers

He, and the country with him, has every cause to be alarmed. Mr. Baldwin admitted the other day in the House of Commons that in the last three years nearly 5,000 Statutory Rules and Orders had been issued.

These are not Acts of Parliament. They are official restrictions regulations and interferences with liberty made by Ministers who have been allowed by a lax Parliament to do anything they may deem "expedient" to interpret Acts of Parliament.

They are the means whereby the "Invisible Men of Whitehall" rule the country, often against the declared will of the people and Parliament.

They have all the force of law, a net of irritations in which the ordinary citizen is caught and held—often in complete ignorance.

Government by bureaucracy means in the end the death of democracy. It is time we woke up and put an end to it before we find our freedom and liberty in pawn to an officialdom as complete and secret as that of Russia.

• • •

THERE is an urgent moral to be drawn from the forged treaty between France and Belgium which so recently excited the whole world.

Despite the League of Nations, we are still a long way from the ideal of those "open covenants openly arrived at" which the end of the war was supposed to produce.

More light!

It is already obligatory for countries to register all treaties with the League. It should now be made obligatory to register as well all additions to such treaties and all supplementary military "arrangements."

And if any country refuses, the League should refuse to register the treaty at all, and tell the world why.

Silent Despots B the PETROL EXPLOSION

Sir George L. Barstow, a Government director on the Anglo-Persian Oil Co.'s Board

Sir Henry Packe, formerly Sir Eric Geddes' secretary, is the other Anglo-Persian Government nominee

THE rise of 2½d. in the price of petrol to the British motorist is the first sign that the war among the leaders of the world oil industry, which has been carried on for more than twenty-five years, is at last at an end.

In place of price-cutting and a fight to the death between the big groups which dominate the oil situation there is now complete agreement.

The outlook for the private motorist and for commercial and industrial users of petrol is black.

The oil chiefs think only in terms of profit, and now that there is no longer fear of competition amongst themselves they will have no hesitation in forcing up prices.

Is the latest increase justified by all economic laws?

The main interests concerned in the recent rise in the price of petrol are the Royal Dutch Shell group, headed by Sir Henri Deterding, a Dutchman by birth, who assumed British citizenship many years ago; the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, the largest of the American Oil concerns, which is headed by Mr. Walter C. Teagle, the son of one of John D. Rockefeller's first lieutenants, and Russian Oil Products, which represents the oil interests of Soviet Russia in this country.

First oil king

Both the Standard Oil and the Royal Dutch Shell control capital amounting to more than £150,000,000 each. Their actual assets in property and so on is much larger than this vast sum indicates.

Many other companies, including the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, which is controlled by the British Government, also come into the agreement.

To understand the real importance of the present rise in price and its significance to industry in the future, we must go back to the early days of the oil industry.

The oil industry owes its creation to the genius of Mr. John D. Rockefeller, the eighty-year-old multi-millionaire, who built up the huge Standard Oil group of companies in the United States.

He first grasped the vast potentialities of petroleum, and for many years the United States Oil industry, which he dominated, was the only one of any practical importance in the world.

Mr. Rockefeller's first and most important rival was the Royal Dutch Company of Holland, which obtained oil concessions, mainly in the Dutch East Indies.

The Royal Dutch Company, however, remained of little serious importance as a competitor to American oil until a young Dutch bank clerk, Henri Deterding joined the company as its first secretary.

Deterding realised, as did Rockefeller, that petrol was to be the fuel of the future.

He realised also, which Rockefeller did not, that the United States' supply, vast as it was, would not for long satisfy the world's demands.

A little later, when he became managing director of the company, he began to realise a scheme for obtaining control of oil concessions in other parts of the world.

Rothschilds' aid

He was lucky enough to interest the great international finance house of Rothschild in his ambitions, and with its money behind him sent his agents all over the world seeking oil properties.

He was helped in his ambition to displace the Standard Oil group of companies by the enforcement of the anti-trust laws in America.

These broke up Rockefeller's monopoly by forcing him to separate his oil interests into a number of distinct companies, which, although they still retain certain loose-working agreements, can no longer be operated entirely as one combine.

All the while that the Standard Oil group was being broken up by legal action, Sir Henri Deterding was steadily strengthening his position.

A Dutch saviour

He managed to secure control of the Shell Transport and Trading Company, a British concern headed by the then Sir Marcus Samuel, which placed him also in possession of a world-wide distributing organisation.

That, in outline, was the position when the war broke out in 1914.

Russia also was beginning to attract notice as an oil-producer, but as the most valuable of the Russian oil properties were owned either by the Royal Dutch Shell or one or other of the Standard companies, it did not materially affect the position of the competing groups.

The war made every country and every Government realise with a sudden shock the enormous importance of oil in modern life.

It was essential as fuel for the navies, the air forces, and the vast mechanical transport organisations of the armies on land. It became, for all practical purposes, the most valuable and the most-sought-after product of modern industry.

Whereas before, the oil war had been a fight between private capitalists, it now became a matter of the most urgent importance to Governments.

Great Britain, in particular, could no longer afford to depend mainly upon foreign interests for sources of supply.

'Thieves' and 'Rogues'

Sir Henri Deterding, actuated by patriotism for his adopted country and legitimate business foresight, placed himself at the disposal of the British Government.

He pointed out how important it was that British control should be ensured over the oil-wells in Russia and the oilfields of Mesopotamia and Turkey.

Just before the war, when on the advice of Lord Fisher the British Navy became the first important fleet in the world to use oil fuel, the British Government had considered the problem of security of oil supplies.

It had invested £2,200,000 in a then comparatively new concern, the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, which had been formed to exploit a concession obtained by a young Australian, Mr. W. Knox d'Arcy, in the south of Mesopotamia and adjoining border-lands.

Much of Britain's foreign policy during and after the war can be explained in one word—OIL.

Britain's mandate over Iraq at the present time has partly the same purpose.

One of the main reasons for the opposition of the British Government, and Mr. Winston Churchill in particular, to the Russian Revolution can be explained in terms of oil.

It was in order to try and secure the valuable Russian oilfields that the British Government financed the White Troops against the Red Armies of the revolution.

The British Government wanted to make sure that Russian oil would always be available for our Navy; and Sir Henri Deterding wanted to make sure that the properties in which he was interested there were not confiscated by the Soviets.

The attempt failed and the Russian oil properties were seized and nationalised.

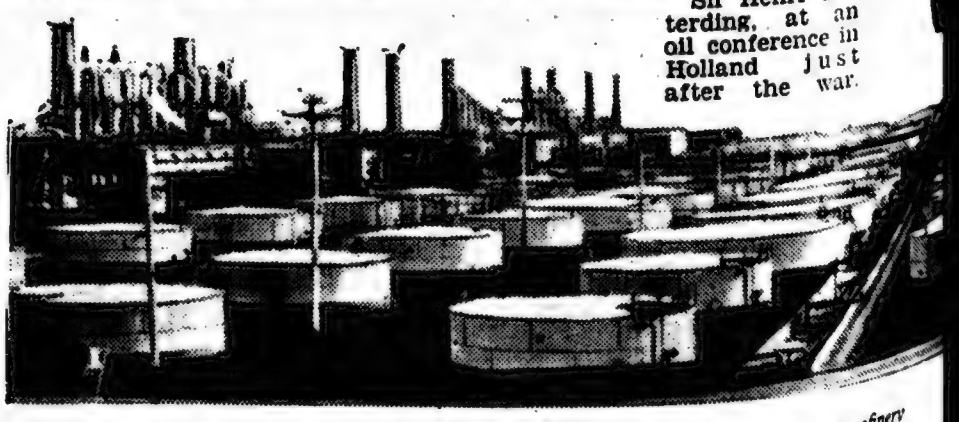
This placed a new and serious obstacle in the way of Sir Henri Deterding's ambition. He has now, after more than ten years' diplomacy, succeeded in removing it.

Russian oil has been the factor on which the oil situation has turned for at least five years.

Faced with the possibility of an ever-growing Russian supply which neither of them could control, the Royal Dutch Shell and the Standard Oil agreed to sink their differences.

They had spent many millions of pounds in fighting each other in the past. They now decided that co-operation would pay them better than competition, if only they could make sure that they would not be under-cut in their most profitable markets by Soviet oil.

Sir Henri Deterding, at an oil conference in Holland just after the war.



Huge tanks brimming with oil, the life-blood of industry and transport, at a great refinery

Behind

Oil wells in the United States, which is still the world's largest producer of petroleum. But how long will this supremacy endure?

" motor tank-lorry, part of the wonderful organisation of Sir H. Deterding's com- the petrol it carries costs 2½d. too much (By courtesy of "The Motor")

A British "baby" motor-car on trial. If petrol prices continue high, only such little vehicles will be left on the road

(Reproduced by courtesy of "The Motor")

Mr. Walter C. Teagle rules the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, America's premier oil concern

Sir Henri Deterding . . . . "a Dutchman by birth . . . ." placed himself at the disposal of the British Government

ing organisations of their own abroad, most important of which was the Russian Oil Products, Ltd., in this country.

The second reason was that at this critical period revolt flamed up within the Standard Oil ranks.

Although Mr. Teagle, head of the Standard Oil of New Jersey, and a close personal friend of Sir Henri Deterding, was prepared to support him, two other members of the Standard group refused to do so.

Sir Henri Deterding spent a sum estimated at at least twenty million pounds in an under-cutting war with these American oil companies which sold Russian petroleum.

He issued public statements denouncing the Soviet oil producers of Bolshevist Russia as "thieves" and "rogues," and appealed to John D. Rockefeller, long in retirement, to exert his influence "in the name of Christianity" to prevent the Standard Oil of New York and the Vacuum Oil Company from purchasing any more Russian oil.

Rich as they are, neither the Royal Dutch Shell nor the rebellious Standard Oil Company could long continue to spend money uneconomically for the pure pleasure of fighting each other.

persuaded the oil companies of all countries to boycott Russian oil. He hoped by these methods to make it impossible for the Soviets to get rid of their petrol and thus force them to come to terms with him.

The scheme was beautiful in its simplicity, but it failed for two reasons.

First, because in the face of this boycott the Soviets built marketing organisations of their own abroad, most important of which was the Russian Oil Products, Ltd., in this country.

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Rich as they are, neither the Royal Dutch Shell nor the rebellious Standard Oil Company could long continue to spend money uneconomically for the pure pleasure of fighting each other.

Last year a truce was arranged. The Standard Oil Company was still to be allowed to buy Russian oil, but it was not to retail it at less than the general market price.

Sir Henri Deterding now saw his way more clearly.

At a conference at his shooting-lodge in the Scottish Highlands, he discussed with Mr. Teagle, Sir John Cadman, chairman of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, and Sir John Cargill, chairman of the Burmah Oil Company, the world's situation in oil.

A plan was formulated and its firstfruits are shown in the present rise in price.

A few weeks after that conference, it was announced that in future the Royal Dutch Shell, the Burmah Oil Company and the Anglo-Persian Oil Company would be linked together much more closely than formerly, both as regards finance and organisation.

Fighting the Soviets

At the same time as the big European companies were thus brought under a centralised control, Mr. Teagle was carrying out his side of the bargain in America.

He formed a new combine called American Oil Exporters, Limited, of which all the main American producers have become members.

This combine's nominal object is the more efficient marketing of American oil abroad. Its real purpose is to co-operate with the European combine and prevent any future price-cutting wars.

There remained only Russian oil, which was being sold in England at considerably below the combine price.

Every possible pressure, political and financial, has been brought to bear on the Soviets to force them to co-operate with the combine.

The Soviets have now capitulated. They have agreed that in future Russian oil prices shall be raised when the combine prices are raised.

Very shortly Russian Oil Products, Limited, will be disbanded and a new company arise in its place.

Over the distributing organisation of this concern the Royal Dutch Shell will have practical control.

The agreement with Russian Oil Products covers not only petrol but also lubricating oils, paraffin and other petroleum products which are likewise to be increased in price.

In the case of paraffin and products other than petrol and lubricating oils, the Soviets here agreed to sell to the Royal Dutch Shell group at considerably under the ordinary market price.

The whole of the important petroleum producers in the world are now under the virtual domination of two men, Sir Henri Deterding and Mr. Walter C. Teagle.

Outputs cut

At present, America is suffering from over-production in oil, but Sir Henri Deterding and Mr. Teagle are evolving a scheme for restriction of output. In Persia the Anglo-Persian Oil Company owns one of the largest potential oilfields in the world, but so long as the present policy continues this field will not be exploited to the full.

It pays better to restrict production and stabilise prices rather than to give the world a cheap and plentiful supply.

These two, the Dutch-born English citizen and the American, have the situation everywhere.

Although the British Government has a majority shareholding in Anglo-Persian Oil, it nominated only two directors out of a total of sixteen.

These two directors are Sir George L. Barstow, Controller of Supply Services at the Treasury, and Sir Henry H. Packe, who was formerly secretary to Sir Eric Geddes and was attached to the Admiralty staff during the war.

These two directors, although they could by reason of the Government's share-holdings control the remainder of the board, take no part in ordinary business organisation of the company.

Keep on paying

Under the original agreement, when the Government purchased control, it was laid down that the sole functions of the Government directors would be to veto any resolution calculated to alter the purely British character of the concern.

These two directors, however, attend all board meetings and are fully aware of what is taking place. They report to the Government, which could, if it wished, enforce a policy more advantageous to British petrol users.

Unless the British Government exercises its control over the Anglo-Persian Oil Company private motorists and industry as a whole must prepare to keep on paying more for their petrol.

5 for 10D

As a smoke Manikins make a strong appeal to all on account of their splendid quality and low price———and when it comes to enjoyment———The Nutty, Mild Flavour of a Manikin is unequalled, and, fortunately for you, their size enables them to be rolled from the delicate tip leaves—Leaves too small for the large cigar, yet actually the sweetest of all.

N.B.—Buy a packet to-day and you will be delighted with their fragrance and value.

MANIKIN
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MILD HAVANA FLAVOUR
5 FOR 10D.
All Tobacconists Sell Manikins

Real Life Stories by Famous Authors

My Buddha

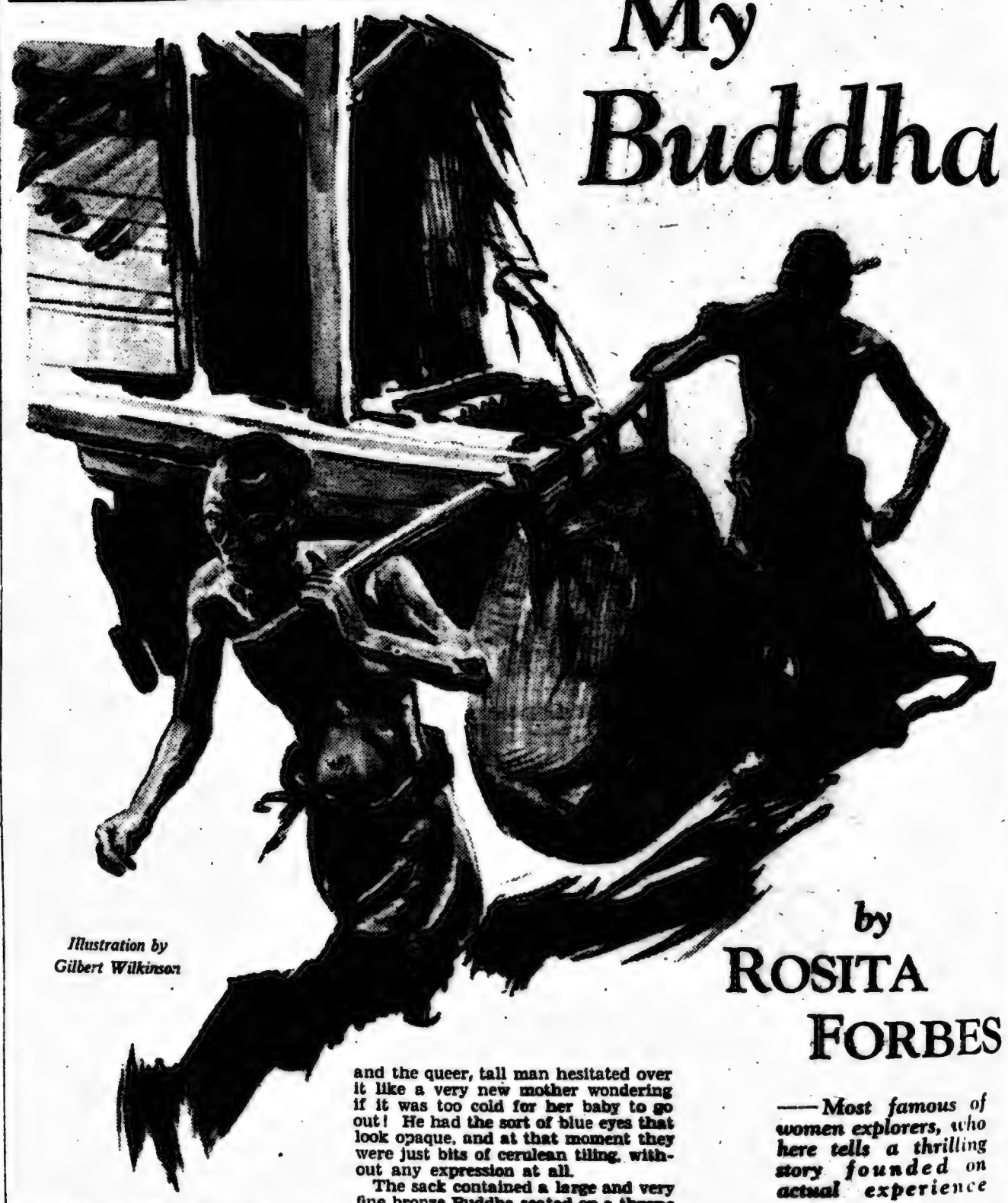


Illustration by Gilbert Wilkinson

by ROSITA FORBES

——Most famous of women explorers, who here tells a thrilling story founded on actual experience

WHEN I was in Siam, years ago, there was a queer, tall, straw-coloured man at the Legation. He spoke half-a-dozen local dialects like a native and he used to take us round the bazaars and show us all sorts of odd corners unknown to the tourist. He was laconic and reserved.

We got nothing out of him except heterogeneous information about Siam. This mildly annoyed us, for Undine and I were then about twenty-two, and we felt that we had the right to know everything about any male who interested us!

The day we sailed, half the European population of Bangkok came to see us off. A French merchant presented us with a case of filtered water, as a protection against the wells of Cambodia! A fat little Dutchman gave us a very much darned mosquito net and the Italian Vice-Consul had written us a poem—chiefly about himself—to which he added a cake of strongly scented soap. In fact, everyone contributed in some way or other to our equipment for a month's trek through Indo-China.

At the last moment the straw-coloured man arrived. He was directing two coolies who carried something heavy in a sack.

"More water," said Undine. "I think I'd almost prefer typhoid."

The sack was dumped at our feet and the queer, tall man hesitated over it like a very new mother wondering if it was too cold for her baby to go out! He had the sort of blue eyes that look opaque, and at that moment they were just bits of cerulean tiling, without any expression at all.

The sack contained a large and very fine bronze Buddha seated on a throne of the same heavy metal.

"I thought you'd like it," said the straw-coloured one. "In fact, I thought you ought to have it." He bolted before we could either thank him or protest.

The Buddha provided us with a topic of conversation while we slid down the great, green, greasy river and along the Cambodian coast to Chantauboon. He would add enormously to the deadweight of the caravan—it was even doubtful if any of the rat-like pack-ponies would be strong enough to carry him. We wondered if we could hire a couple of porters to bear him hammockwise, slung on a pole between them. It never occurred to us to leave him behind.

Eventually, we compromised by changing him from one pony to another, but he appeared to have a malign influence on the animals. The first one disappeared altogether into a bog, and the Buddha, protruding from his torn wrappings, seemed to smile above the heaving mud-heap on which he rested.

I forget what happened to the other ponies, but Undine affirmed that whenever one of these meek animals saw two little white-washed Cambodians approaching with the queerly-shaped load, it squealed itself into a fit!

The first time I noticed anything odd about the image was at Pai-lin, where we spent a night in the Resident's bungalow. The Frenchman, warned of our approach, had shaved, changed his sensible pyjamas suited to the climate for starched white drill, and sent his little native lady scurrying away through the cocoanut palms with a tinkle of bangles and flutter of golden silks, but the large room where Undine and I shared a bed was full of her presence.

She'd left her sandals behind and some of her toys—beads, a broken fan and a charm against the evil eye.

AS usual, the Buddha guarded the rest of our luggage. He was so old that his throne had cracked and the sacred scarlet was worn away. Just a few shreds clung to his tapering fingers, pointing downwards in token of mercy.

I woke up to find moonlight pouring into the room, and, for a moment, I was dazed by the strong scent which accompanied it. Then I recognised the sweet, heady smell of Datura, the death-flower of the East.

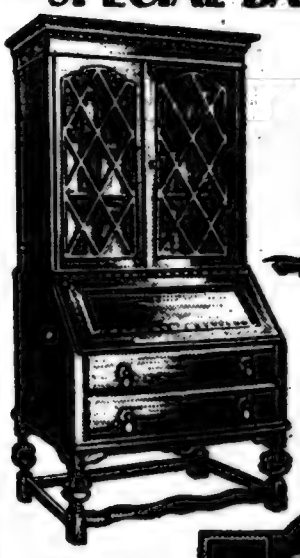
"His Ex. is certainly not superstitious," I thought, and wondered why I hadn't noticed the bushes laden with heavy-hanging, white tubes as we rode through the garden. My head began to ache, and the last thing I remembered before I fell asleep was

(Continued on page 24)

TAKE A WHOLE MONTH'S FREE USE OF THIS SUPERB FURNITURE BEFORE YOU PAY ANYTHING

GOOD as it looks in the picture—this beautiful furniture will look best of all in your own home. That is why we are anxious that you should have it for a whole month before you *begin* to pay for it. Order now. For this Furniture forms part of a limited stock, representing.

SPECIAL BARGAIN PURCHASES direct from the Manufacturers



By this far-sighted action, we have secured many splendid pieces on specially favourable terms, and are thus able to offer them to Midland customers at values which defy competition.

Delivered without any payment.

This phenomenal bargain is the result of yet another big Midland deal. Handsome Oak Bureau Bookcase, 3 ft. wide, 6 ft. 5 ins. high, 16 ins. deep, polished a rich antique colour. Upper part fitted leaded-light glass doors, with adjustable book-shelves. Lower part contains 2 large drawers, and the fall front has automatic slides... **£14-14-0**

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A limited number of these suites available with bevelled mirrors, at £15-15-0.

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There's Charm in Sparkling Teeth

She's always the centre of attraction wherever she goes. Everyone makes for her as soon as they catch sight of her. Her smile is just fascinating, and the gleam of her lovely white teeth is absolutely irresistible.

Why is it that she always looks so radiant and charming? It is because she's careful to keep her teeth spotlessly clean, and she's wise enough to get Colgate's to help her. Ribbon Dental Cream cleans teeth in the pleasantest way possible. Its cleansing foam fills your mouth with a delicious fragrance. First of all everything that could cause decay is swept away; then the calcium carbonate in the foam puts a brilliant natural shine on your teeth. Get a tube to-day and try Colgate's for yourself—large size 1/-, sold everywhere.

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RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

MADE IN ENGLAND

1/- LARGE SIZE

Free!

Colgate Laboratories, 21 Eagle Street, London, W.C.1.

Please send me a sample of the dentifrice most people are using.

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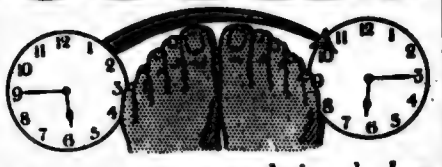
corns



between toes — removed in ½ hour

Corns between the toes are exceedingly painful and are often the most obstinate to remove. But Radox will rid you of them. It will probably take more than one Radox footbath to remove them. You may need two or three footbaths. But sooner or later *Radox will get rid of the corns root and all.* Read what Radox did for this sufferer:—

"I have not been able to walk properly on and off for a year or two with the intense pain of two corns between my toes, so to-day my people told me to try Radox. I had used everything and had given up hope, but within half an hour I was very pleased to find, after soaking my feet, I could remove the hard skin around. After all the terrible pain I have had I can now walk in comfort once again.
Mrs. D. S., Westbourne Park, London, W.11.

When you put your feet into a footbath containing Radox, the salts soften the hard outer layers of the corn and the oxygen which Radox liberates, enters the pores, opens them, and penetrates further and further, carrying the corn-softening salts right to the root of the corn, which is thus loosened so that it may be lifted out bodily. Since it is the oxygen which carries the corn solvents to the root of the corn, and since Radox liberates, by test, more oxygen than any other salts on the market, it is clear that Radox is more efficient in removing corns than other salts.

1/6 *Half-pound Pink Pkt.*

Radox Bath Salts

Give your feet that "Kruschen Feeling"
Ask for Radox at your Chemist's, price 1/6 per ½ lb., Pink Packet; and 2/6 double quantity.

Backache

Banished by Kruschen

"I started taking Kruschen Salts some 7 or 8 years ago for backache, from which I used to suffer agonies. Kruschen has banished the pain completely, I am thankful to say, and also rid me of bilious attacks which I used to get very frequently. I am never without Kruschen now, and take my daily dose regularly. I have recommended Kruschen to all my friends and cannot speak too highly of its valuable qualities. I am very grateful for what Kruschen has done for me."
7th Feb., 1929. Mrs. M. R., London, S.W.

Why is it that backache, biliousness, rheumatism, lumbago and indigestion all yield so swiftly to Kruschen Salts? What is the secret of Kruschen's effectiveness against the whole army of common complaints? The secret is an open one. It is revealed in the analysis on the bottle. **Six vital mineral salts.** That is the secret. Six natural salts that keep your stomach, liver, kidneys and digestive tract toned up to a top-notch condition of efficiency.

When your whole system starts working like a perfect machine, you will shed your woes like a worn-out garment. You will know the joyous freedom of going from month to month without a single ache or pain. And the cost of this full and lasting freedom will be but "a farthing a day."

Tasteless in Tea

KRUSCHEN SALTS

Good Health for a Farthing a Day

Every chemist sells Kruschen in 6d., 1/- and 1/9 bottles. A 1/9 bottle lasts three months—a farthing a day for health and happiness. Start to-morrow.

"My Buddha"—*Continued from p. 22*

the queer, almost human expression of the Buddha.

In the morning Undine and I, strolling through the garden, looked for Datura flowers. "It's unhealthy to have them so near the house," she said. "I was almost stifled by the scent last night, while you slept like a log." I didn't argue, because I'd just begun to realise that *there were no Daturas*!

Later we learned from the Governor that they didn't grow in that part of the province.

For some days we avoided the subject. Then, with sunshine blazing on to a tropical forest, and cocoanut milk to drink whenever we felt thirsty, we made an effort to be sensible. "Of course, it was a dream which each, unconsciously, suggested to the other," we said.

But it happened again. This time we were sleeping on the reed floor of a native rest-house (one of those shelters erected at intervals beside the main jungle paths so that the traveller can guard his pack animals against the nightly hunger of wild beasts). There were no flowers of any kind in the clearing. A fire blazed at the door of the stable, where a few inches below us the ponies stamped and shook their heads.

The porters were restless and, whenever one of them turned over, the reeds shook underneath us. Through the interstices of this primitive floor stole the smell of animals and dung with which we had become familiar.

I SUPPOSE we slept, but this time we woke simultaneously. "D'you smell it?" asked Undine sharply.

We might have been in the middle of a Datura thicket. Our little guide was huddled in the corner like a ball, his eyes turned inwards so that only the whites showed. "There will be a funeral," he muttered. "It is evil."

After a time we got used to the phenomenon. It was connected with the Buddha and with moonlight, but we could not produce the scent at will. We tried standing the image in a flood of moonlight, when, on our homeward route, we camped in a Canadian pine-forest. Nothing happened. "The spell is broken," said Undine. "The Daturas are too far away."

But a few weeks later we were nearly stifled in the cabin of a trans-Atlantic liner by the overpowering scent of flowers which couldn't have been less than 7,000 miles away!

By the time we reached the uncompromising "every-dayness" of Liverpool docks we had decided that the metal of which the Buddha was made had, in some fashion, been impregnated with a concentrated essence of Datura which certain atmospheric conditions were able to release.

This explanation satisfied us while the train rattled through the trim, prosaic fields of Worcestershire, but I thought Undine looked relieved when I took possession of the image at Euston!

I set him on the top of a high black lacquer cabinet facing east in my small flat in Curzon Street, and for a long time nothing happened. I used to come home on moonlight nights expecting to find the room drenched with heavy scent, and in the end I was ridiculously resentful because the magic had apparently gone out of my Buddha.

THEN one night a young Pole came back with me after a dance. "One whisky and I shall depart!" he said, and then, "Oh, mon Dieu, we cannot sit in this room! You have upset a whole bottle of perfume! It is worse than a scent shop."

I could smell nothing at all myself. I'd lost the power, whatever it was, but ther after several people complained of my passion for strong scent.

I was furious with the Buddha. He had become, for me, an entity, withholding something that I wanted. I tried to prevent people coming into the room when I suspected it would be filled with scent of Daturas. I didn't want them to have what was, inexplicably, out of my reach!

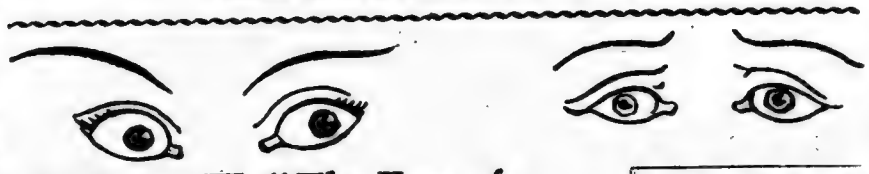
On a foggy November afternoon, the straw-coloured man came to see me. He looked completely out of place in London and he was obviously ill at ease. "You've still got the Buddha," he remarked, his thoughts boxed up behind two blue glass shutters that were not eyes at all.

"D'you smell the Daturas?" I countered.

Every line of the tall figure expressed its expectation. "It's true, then? You smelt it? I used to think I was going mad."

"Tell me the story," I insisted.

Slumped in a chair by the fire, his clothes hanging about him in a queerly



"The Eyes of Two Women"

by

ANDREW SOUTAR

Next Week's Real Life Story

empty fashion, he spoke of Siam, and at first I thought it was only a history of the country which he had adopted, but, at last, a woman came into it.

She was a little Burmese girl, so young that she looked like a kitten, or a flower. She wore white flowers in her hair and white powder on her smooth golden cheeks. She was dainty and fragile and faithful. He loved her rather more than the average European loves these gentle accommodating companions of his exile.

SHE, of course, adored him with the terrible, single-purposed love of a child and a woman and a slave. It didn't matter, because he was then in the Consular Service and she was quite happy in the background. She had her Buddha from whom she was never parted, and to whom she said daily, sometimes hourly, prayers for the safety of her lord and the preservation of their love.

But, after some years, the man entered the Diplomatic Corps and his Minister spoke plainly. "The girl must be sent back to Burma. I can't have any scandal attached to this Legation."

The Secretary was silent. He knew that if he kept the girl with him, he'd be requested, in the most polite and formal manner, to resign. Worse still, he might be sent to one of those terribly uncivilised capitals like Paris or Rome, where life, as he understood it—a sunlit life peopled with brown languor and the mystery of age-old, irrevocable things—would not exist at all!

He wanted to keep her. She was so small, boneless as a kitten—and as helpless. So he thought. He didn't realise that she looked after him like a mother, protected him from all who would have cheated his simplicity, and managed his attenuated finances with the thrift and shrewdness of a French bourgeoise.

When he'd made up his mind to send her back to her people, he took her away into the forest on a shooting expedition. It would be so much easier to tell her in the age-old, implacable jungle where human beings are no more important than insects.

SO, one night, when the moonlight was creeping into the tent and lighting the enigmatic smile of the Buddha, which the Burmese girl had insisted on bringing with her, the diplomat took the small, lithe figure into his arms and began, clumsily, no doubt, to explain. . . .

She would be very happy with her people. She would be rich, of course, and she would marry one of her own race and have children.

Perhaps as an afterthought, he added that he would come and see her whenever he got leave. The small figure grew rigid against his shoulder, but no word escaped it. Its eyes were fixed, blindly, on the Buddha, whose hand pointed downwards in mercy.

For a long time the man talked and, at last, the woman relaxed, clinging to him like a child. She made no protest, and when, long after midnight, she rolled herself up on her mat beside him, just touching his fingers, the man went to sleep.

He was wakened by a powerful scent. The tent had been meticulously tidied. There was no litter of quaint feminine possessions, to which he had become accustomed, and the mat at his elbow was empty. For a moment he didn't realise the meaning of the odour which drugged his senses. Then he saw that the Buddha was wreathed in Datura—the flowers of death.

With a shout to his still sleeping retinue, he ran out into the jungle.

ALL day they searched the thickets and river banks, but it was not till sunset that they found her, apparently asleep on the water, amidst a carpet of lily pads.

The Datura flowers were buried with her, but their scent clung to her Buddha.

"I couldn't get a native to stay with me. They said the whole bungalow was haunted," the man ended his story. "Yet till you came I wouldn't have parted with that image for anything!"

There was a long silence before I asked, "Why did you give it to me?"

The man hesitated. "I thought you would understand. It—somehow—belonged to you."

For the first and last time, I saw human passion in the eyes that were like blue glass. I was frightened of it. This man belonged to the East and to a dead Eastern woman. It was futile for any Western to assuage such hunger-liness.

That night I smelled the Datura blossoms. Fresh and strong, the room was drenched with their magic. For went to my head like wine. For a second, I imagined the figure of the Burmese girl kneeling on a mat in front of the lacquer cabinet. The Buddha was hers and so, in life and death, was the man who, vainly, sought to free himself.

I SHUT the door on the mystery which, involuntarily, I had brought from the East, and the morning my French maid said to me, "Will you that I leave the little carpet in front of the cabinet lacquer?"

"What d'you mean?" I asked.

"Mon Dieu, it is not difficult. I have put the little Burmese mat in front of the cabinet and it has a air very funny there, on the among all the carpets Persian."

The mat was replaced under the begging-bowl which stood at the end of the room. I have still got Buddha, but I never smelt the Datura flowers again.

"Nestlé's, I think . . ."

Jane's rapture rises.

She'd like to wink

With both her eyeses!

Half pound block ONE SHILLING

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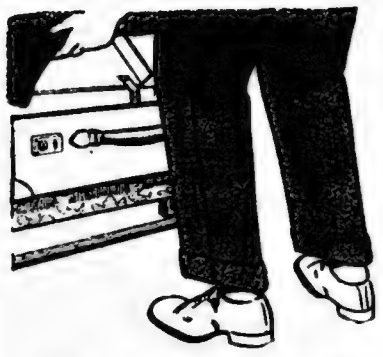
TOWN .....

Please write in Block or Capital Letters



Extra "Bags" in the Bag

ALL RIGHT! Right in cut, in style, in strength, in wear, in colour.

"232" 'the Flannel the Nation Knows' is accepted by discerning men as all-the-week wear—for all occasions.

"232" Grey Flannels are obtainable from 4,000 retailers throughout the United Kingdom.

14/11

PER PAIR

LIGHT-DARK SILVER TONE 64 FITTINGS

Obtainable from the following Agents:

BARROW-IN-FURNESS— McDowell's, Cavendish St.
DAVENTRY— Collett Bros.
DURHAM CITY—Fred Docherty.
FALMOUTH— R. Clarke & Co., 37/8, Market St.
IPSWICH— J. & J. Edwards, Ltd., 33/5, Tavern St. (and 100, High St., Lowestoft).
KING'S LYNN— F. G. Kirkland, 23/4, Norfolk St.
LONDON— Meakers, 91, Shaftesbury Ave. (and branches).
Horace Borer, 115/7, High St., N.W.10. 130, Church Rd., N.W.10.
Ed. Watkins, 284, Wandsworth Rd., S.W.8.
LUTON—Laceys', 14, Wellington St.
MAIDSTONE— G. H. King & Son, 3, Gabriel's Hill.
NEWBURY—Camp Hopson & Co., Ltd.
NOTTINGHAM— Harrison's, 3/13, Hockley.
READING— W. J. Garrett, 13/15, West St. (and at Frome).
REDHILL—J. Duke, 25, London Rd.
SHEFFIELD— M. H. Drewery & Son, Ltd., 158, The Moor.
TOWCESTER—W. Davis, High St.
TWICKENHAM—James Penman, 61, London Rd.
WALTON-ON-THAMES— Marshall's, High St. (and at Byfleet).
WESTON-S.-MARE— Wm. Burrow, 25/7, Meadow St.
WOKING— Mac's, 59, Chertsey Rd.

Further list of Agents will appear in this paper at regular intervals. Watch for your Agent's name, or write to 232/P.A., 38, Wood Street, E.C.2, for the "232" Free Booklet and List of Agencies.

"232" FLANNELS

When GHOSTLY SLAYERS Stalk in the NIGHT

Kevin O'Higgins, Free State Cabinet Minister, was shot in broad daylight by cowardly political assassins. Mr. Cosgrave, the President, and the officiating clergy at the funeral

FORTY young men have been swiftly and suddenly arrested in Dublin.

Their seizure by the police followed promptly on a speech by Mr. Cosgrave, President of the Free State, in which he denounced the activity of subversive and criminal secret societies.

He did not go into details, but he hinted that the criminals in question were intent on murdering citizens who exercised the rights of citizenship.

We happen to be in a position to go a great deal further than Mr. Cosgrave, and to reveal that what is tantamount to a reign of terror is fast settling upon the Irish Free State.

One evening a few weeks ago Mr. John White, a peaceful, law-abiding citizen of Terenure, Dublin, opened the door in response to a knock. A moment later he was writhing in agony upon his own threshold, shot through the stomach.

His would-be murderer escaped, leaving no clue.

Not long after this affair, a Mrs. Alice Norton, the wife of a Terenure dairyman, was savagely attacked from behind and stabbed with a knife so severely that she is now on the danger-list at a local hospital.

Are they connected?

Less than twenty-four hours after Mrs. Norton had been struck down, a young insurance inspector, named Albert Armstrong, was murdered while garaging his car at the rear of his parents' house in Madison Road, Kilmainham, Dublin.

In each of these cases there has been no apparent motive for the crime, and the police have confessed themselves completely baffled.

And these crimes are only three of many of a similar nature which have been perpetrated in the Irish Free State of late.

It may be nothing more than a coincidence that the majority of these "undiscovered crimes" should have closely followed the renewed activities of a secret society of terrorists in Dublin, who, however furtive they may be, do not conceal their sympathy with a certain section of political thought antagonistic to the Free State Government.

Very aptly these terrorists term themselves "The Ghosts," and they are certainly ghosts that should be laid.

The reign of terror began in the early days of the Free State, when unarmed British troops were shot down by machine-gun fire while landing from a boat at Queenstown.

The perpetrators of that brutal outrage were never discovered; nor has there been any arrest in connection with the cold-blooded slaying of Mr. Kevin O'Higgins, the Vice-President of the Executive Council of the Irish Free State, who was shot down nearly two years ago while on his way to Mass on Sunday morning in a Dublin suburb.

Meanwhile, "The Ghosts" enjoy an uncanny immunity, and all the time they are perfecting their organisation in every possible direction.

"Black Lists"

They even boast a secret printing-press of their own, and all efforts to locate it have been fruitless. Yet, somewhere or other, it is pounding away steadily, producing seditious literature with unfailing regularity.

General O'Duffy, Chief of the Free State Police

And, having produced this literature, "The Ghosts" contrive to carry out all arrangements of "publication" without let or hindrance.

Defiant posters are posted up under cover of darkness on public walls in Dublin, and threatening circulars are dropped surreptitiously through the letter-boxes of persons known to be on the list of jurors.

In other cases the secret press has produced "black lists," including the names of firms and private individuals who have displayed the Union Jack on Armistice Day or other occasions!

Then, again, other seditious documents have been published denouncing men who have served on juries in cases where individuals associated with the Irish Republican Party have been charged.

These facts are of significance in connection with at least two of the recent outrages mentioned above.

Mr. White, the householder who was shot down on his own doorstep, had been foreman of a jury in a criminal case some time previously, while Mr. Albert Armstrong, the murdered insurance official, had appeared as a witness in connection with the removal of a Union Jack from his company's offices last year.

Now, large quantities of arms were never surrendered when the Free State Administration commenced, and have been concealed in all parts.

Armed escorts

This means that "The Ghosts" need never lack armaments, and if this furtive order is permitted to grow in power, the possible consequences might be terrible indeed.

As recently as February 27 the police found two machine-guns, twenty-eight rifles and a quantity of ammunition under the floor of a girls' school in Mayo.

What is the attitude of the authorities towards "The Ghosts"? The answer is best shown by the revelation that no members of the Cosgrave Government are permitted to go about without an armed escort.

They are guarded in their homes and cannot even indulge in a round of golf without at least one detective watching the game. If they visit a friend after nightfall the house is guarded!

Similar precautions are taken to protect the lives of the judges who try criminal cases.

Legal officers and members of juries who have returned verdicts against certain offenders have also been guarded.

But for the menace of "The Ghosts" all these law-abiding people could come and go with as much freedom in the Free State as is enjoyed in England or France.

Threatened juries

As in so many Irish movements, women are playing a part in aiding "The Ghosts." Some have been arrested for posting up bills issued by "The Ghosts," and, when charged, have defiantly declared that they refuse to recognise the courts.

What is to be done? If law and order are to be flouted in this manner and juries continue to be intimidated, coerced and threatened, drastic action will be inevitable.

Unless "The Ghosts" are laid very soon the only possible action would be for the Irish Free State Government to reintroduce the Public Safety Act and to try offenders by court-martial. This would indeed be a tragedy, not only for Ireland, but for the rest of Europe.

* * *

Look out for the result of our No. 1 Crossword, which will appear in "John Bull" next week. In the meantime, try your skill on the £500 Must-Be-Won Crossword which appears on page 4 in this week's issue. An equal opportunity for every reader.

W. J. BAILEY

12 MARLBOROUGH CRESCENT.
BEDFORD PARK.
LONDON. W.4.

October 18th, 1928.

Dunlop Rubber Co., Ltd.,
Fort Dunlop,
Erdington, Birmingham.

Dear Sirs,

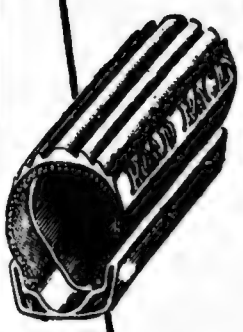
Although my actual racing is done on Dunlop Tubular Tyres, I frequently use your Wired-on Tyres for training on the road and for less strenuous cycling.

In this connection, I must compliment you upon the new Dunlop Road Racing cover, which in my opinion is a remarkably fine production and a credit to your factory.

This cover should appeal very strongly to Club men and others who take their cycling seriously.

Yours faithfully,

W. J. Bailey



Winner of
4 World's Championships.
4 Grands Prix de Paris.
10 British Championships.
World's and British Record Holder, etc., etc.
Olympic Coach 1928.

C.F.H.512

HEALTH CAME WITH CASSELL'S TABLETS

Read what she says:

"I had suffered for years with severe indigestion. The pain I endured sometimes was so severe that I felt afraid to eat anything and headaches hardly ever ceased. One day my sister urged me to take Cassell's Tablets, and I took her advice. My health began to improve from the first dose. I could sleep, my appetite improved and I could eat without having to suffer. Now I feel really well and strong."—Mrs. C. Rex, 4, Charlotte Terrace Barnsbury, N.1.

KEEP well and happy! Health and high spirits depend greatly on plenty of nerve-strength, and a good digestion. Nervy and dyspeptic people usually become dull, irritable and listless. Ask yourself: Do you feel tired out in the middle of the morning? Do your nerves feel on edge? Do you have sleepless nights? Do you suffer from indigestion, flatulence or sickness? If you do, it is obvious that you are in need of a tonic—such as Cassell's.

Nourishes the Nerves, Strengthens the Digestion, Enriches the Blood.

Mrs. Rex is one of the thousands of women who have found new health and happiness in Cassell's Tablets. Let them do the same for you. Start a course this very day! Cassell's contain special nerve foods, digestive correctives, and blood nutrients, which repair the damage done to your nerves and digestion by the many devitalised foods we eat.

TAKE CASSELL'S FOR INSOMNIA, FLATULENCE, INDIGESTION, HEADACHES, Etc.

1/3 & 3/- per box

BANDMASTER cigarettes

ARE MADE ONLY OF THE FINEST VIRGINIA TOBACCO PROCURABLE

They give you a fine, flavourful, satisfying smoke, and are as good a Virginia cigarette as you could want.

BANDMASTER cigarettes sell at

10 for 4d

Why pay more?

BUT THEY COST YOU LESS because in each packet there is a *cash coupon* which is worth real money. Save the coupons and get paid CASH for them!

Save Cash Coupons

BANDMASTER

pure CIGARETTES *Virginia*

Issued by United Kingdom Tobacco Co. (1929) Ltd.

COLDS OR CHILBLAINS

For a Cold in Head, Nose, or Throat, apply MENTHOLATUM on a finger tip inside each nostril night and morning.

For Chapped Skin, Lips, etc., massage MENTHOLATUM into the skin.

Chilblains on hands or feet quickly disappear if you apply

Mentholatum

THE GOLDEN OINTMENT—FEEL IT HEAL.

At Chemists in 1/3 and (Triple Size) 2/6 Pots with "Directions for Many Home Uses."

or post this Coupon for

FREE TRIAL BOX

To THE MENTHOLATUM CO. LTD. SLOUGH

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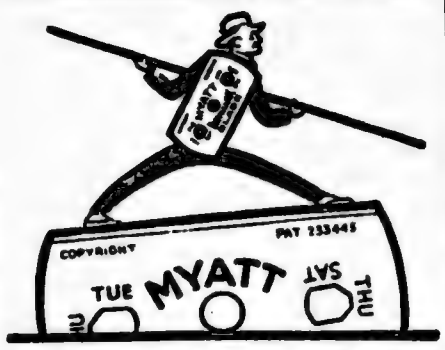
JB 3



HAIR-RAZING FEATS

Fifty-five clean, easy shaves from a single safety razor blade is not bad going, but it is quite usual with a Myatt Daymark Blade.

Daymarking is a device exclusive to Myatt Blades. It enables you to use and rest each edge in regular rotation, so restoring its keenness and maintaining it in tip-top form from day to day.

Daymark makes shaving easier and saves blades.

MADE IN ENGLAND. SOLD EVERYWHERE.

MYATT PATENT DAYMARK BLADES

For Gillette Type Razors only.

FOR 1/3 FIVE

Sole Manufacturers: W. J. Myatt & Co., Ltd., *Contractors to H.M. Govt.*, Arsenal Works, Birmingham.

"I am never bored with my wife"

One Long WEDDING MARCH!

by MARK HAMBOURG

the world-famous pianist

THE other day I celebrated my twentieth year of married life, and, looking back on those two decades of happiness, I am conscious of but one thing—the enormous debt I owe to my wife.

What an old-fashioned thing to say! Yes, I admit it. And worse follows. I never dine out without my wife. I never go on any long tour without her. I am never bored with her.

And who, you ask, is this remarkable woman? Her name is Dorothea. She is a daughter of Lord Muir Mackenzie, and is lovelier and more gracious to-day than she was on that day, in 1907, when I married her.

We had first met the year previous, in Brussels. I was playing at a concert with the great Eugene Ysaye, and she sat in the first row.

Well I remember it! The moment I saw her I said to myself: "There is the girl I am going to marry!"

She was a pupil of Ysaye's, learning to play the violin. Introductions were accomplished and our acquaintanceship started.

We had in common a tremendous interest in music, and I count it, to this day, as of great value to myself that my wife was trained as a musician and, therefore, both knows and understands about my life work.

The chief recollection I carry of the day of my marriage is the escape we made to go on our honeymoon. The crush of guests was terrific.

I WAS due at Victoria that day to catch the train for Paris, where I was appearing at a concert.

It was imperative that we should get away without delay, and there was only one route that avoided guests. We took it. It went through the coal-cellar!

I cannot say whether my best friends would have been able to recognise me had they seen me at Victoria. Luckily, I met none. I only know that it took me the whole journey to Paris to get rid of all the coal-dust I was carrying!

We started our married life with a honeymoon tour in South Africa, where I gave forty concerts, and the same year saw us also in the United States, and eventually we travelled to Australia.

Those were the days when women's frocks fastened elaborately at the back with seemingly *thousands* of little press studs and hooks-and-eyes.

I remember that fashion with startling vividness, because if there were a right hook for a wrong eye I found it! It made me late for my concerts. It exasperated and unnerved me.

The energy I employed to manipulate those infernal press studs! It made my poor wife's back black and blue.

Many times during that first year did our happy marriage threaten to end in ghastly disaster!

But we laughed so much over it and I feel sure that it was our mutual sense of humour which got us over that period of matrimonial "maiding."

I should say that any marriage without a sense of humour on both sides is an intolerably difficult affair. I know myself that I cannot go away without my wife, because if she is absent I have no one to laugh with over the innumerable incidents which always crop up when one is travelling.

One little incident in our considerable travels, however, was not particularly funny, and I desire to mention it to illustrate the fact that a woman's courage is no less than a man's.

We were travelling to Newfoundland, and we suddenly found ourselves in the neighbourhood of a gigantic iceberg. Panic and consternation broke out.

The ship's side came so near to the iceberg as to be slightly stove in. My wife was the only person on that ship who did not lose her head.

SHE has never lost her head in an emergency.

I have the greatest confidence in her. I never play before the public without first playing before her.

I have the utmost respect for her judgment and as much as any artist is persuaded by criticism I am persuaded by hers. Also I imagine that I play better at a concert if I know she is listening in the audience.

Lord Muir Mackenzie is Mr. Mark Hambourg's father-in-law

We have found it, in our married life, very important not to take too much for granted, or to allow ourselves to be deadened by the general wear and tear of familiarity into a state of carelessness and inattention.

The man who takes no interest in his wife's clothes or appearance, or in the food she provides, or in the beauty of her home surroundings, cannot hope to succeed as a husband.

For in these pleasant amenities lies much of the art of living together, with constantly renewed and varied contentment.

Not that I think that a man should ever interfere in those details of everyday life which most women understand so much better than men.

I myself endeavour to preserve an attitude of admiration and praise, allowing the superiority of my wife in certain essentials of our existence, but reserving for myself freedom of decision in the larger issues concerning my work.

ONE incident in my married life is not without some humour.

My wife and I used to have the habit of talking over everything with enthusiasm in Russian. It is a voluble language, and to the uninitiated it always sounds like a stormy quarrel.

The story accordingly was put into circulation by an old servant of ours that she heard us quarrelling all day long, and she added her own logical conclusion to this state of affairs—that wicked Mr. Hambourg beat his poor, dear wife, and that she could hear him doing it!

Wicked Mr. Hambourg and his poor, dear wife forthwith decided it was their duty to give up Russia and take to English to calm the ol woman's mind.

This was a sacrifice on my wife part. Of the many others, the greatest is that her own violin has not been played on for twenty years. She loves her violin, but marriage to her a full-time profession.

AND whenever she has to register in an hotel or fill in a passport form which asks for a statement of her profession, she writes simply "Wife."

I have found that the most perfect thing about my married life is the sense of mutual companionship. It is a more complete fellowship than any other kind of human relation.

I and my wife find that we often know what the other is thinking about without having exchanged a word, so closely is our fellowship developed.

I have also found that community of interests is a great factor in the success of my married life. I often think it must be hard for women whose husbands have to spend their whole working life in businesses in which they, the women, can take no part because they are unable to understand them.

In spite of my considerable travels I am afraid I shall never become what is known as a club man. I am always happiest at home. When my wife rings me at the club, I am told it is "his Master's Voice, and I must go home!"

UNFORTUNATELY there is a certain woman, wife of a fellow clubman, who will never believe that I am no club man.

One day this man asked me home to meet his wife. I was assured that I should be graciously received. I was introduced by the man, a great friend, as "Mr. Hambourg."

"Mr. Hambourg?" the wife repeated. I nodded. "Mr. Mark Hambourg?" the wife persisted. I nodded again. "So you are the man," the lady exclaimed with considerable warmth, "who keeps my husband at the club all hours of the night!"

Explanations were impossible in the circumstances, and I lost my friend.

My wife and I have long decided that married life ought to be a limited liability company, in which all the shares are held by the two principal partners, and where the only dividends required are kindness, sympathy, tact and adaptability.

"And who ... this remarkable woman?"

Writes a charming young maiden from Tring,
"For supper your cheese is the thing:
Every night, I must vow,
Is 'Diploma Night' now

.....

1st PRIZE £50
2nd PRIZE £20
3rd PRIZE £10
4th PRIZE £10
200 PRIZES OF 10/-
200 BOXES OF CHEESE EACH CONTAINING SIX 2d PORTIONS
200 TINS of CORONET Milk

CONDITIONS.

The Proprietors of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese offer a first prize of £50 and other prizes, as stated, for a best last line to this limerick. Write your last line on a piece of paper and attach the small coloured label from a portion of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese (either Cheddar or Cheshire) or label from 'Diploma' Milk or 'Coronet' Milk. Send as many attempts as you like, but to each must be attached a label. The Managing Director's decision is final and legally binding. Address to

Competition: **(Dept. 7), WILTS UNITED DAIRIES, LTD., TROWBRIDGE.**

Closing Date: Entries must reach us not later than Friday, April 5, 1929.

Result: A complete list of winners will be forwarded by post to every competitor.

Recent Winners

£50 WINNER

There was a young maid of Vauxhall
Who went to a fancy dress ball:
As Miss Diploma dressed,
She was voted the best,
But at supper was *cut* by them all.

£20 WINNER

There was a young maid of Vauxhall
Who went to a fancy dress ball:
As Miss Diploma dressed,
She was voted the best,
Like her 'counter' part—pick of them all.

DIPLOMA
THE ENGLISH CRUSTLESS CHEESE

Cheddar or Cheshire. Box of 6, 8, or 12 portions 1/4½

TO MAKE A PERFECT CUSTARD
FOSTER CLARK'S CREAM CUSTARD
In exact quantity must be used. Each 4½d. carton now contains 6 separate packets—the exact quantity to make a pint of perfect custard.

APPETITE
IMPROVED QUICKLY

Carter's Little Liver Pills
Purely Vegetable Laxative
move the bowels without pain or unpleasant after-effects. They relieve the system of constipation poisons which dull the desire for food. Remember that they are a doctor's prescription and can be given to every member of the family. All chemists, 1/3 & 3/-

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

DRAGES
FURNITURE
ON NO DEPOSIT TERMS

To every approved account Drages guarantee to send carriage paid any article chosen directly the one instalment is paid. The balance of the account is paid by similar monthly instalments.

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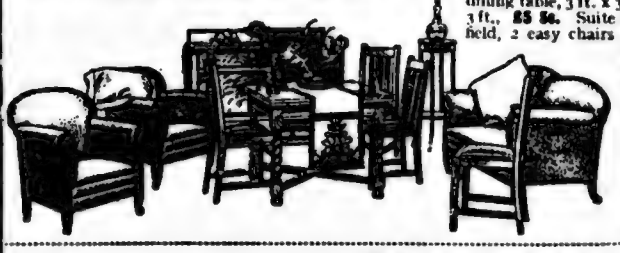
NORFOLK SUITE

A very handsome 3-piece Suite covered in real cowhide, double sprung throughout, solid oak frames, magnificently upholstered, our own workmanship. Rich brown velvet cushions, filled feathers, Settee, £12; Easy Chairs £8 8s. £22 10s. SEND **12/-** ONLY
12/- Monthly After.

BEDROOM GROUP

Very handsome figured Oak Bedroom Group, consisting of 4 ft. wardrobe with mirror and long linen drawer, £13 16s. Dressing-table with very large bevelled plate mirror and dressing chest, £13 19s. 6d. Two chairs. Suite complete £29. 4 ft. 6 in. bedstead to match, £3 15s., or complete with spring mattress, overlay, feather bolster and two feather pillows, £11 10s. SEND **20/-** ONLY
Group Complete, £39 10s.
20/- Monthly After.

DINING-ROOM GROUP



In dark oak, 4 ft. 6 in. sideboard with drawers and two large cupboards, £7 19s. 6d. Drawleaf dining table, 3 ft. x 3 ft., extends to 5 ft. x 3 ft., £5 5s. Suite of drop-end Chesterfield, 2 easy chairs and 4 small chairs, all in sprayed Rexine. All finished in soft shade of oak, £22 19s. 6d. Price complete £35. SEND **15/-** ONLY
15/- Monthly After.

DRAWING-ROOM GROUP

Very attractive Drawing-room Group, comprising mahogany cabinet, lined damask, curved front, £5 15s. 6d. Seven-piece "St. James" Suite, consisting of drop-end Chesterfield, 2 luxurious easy chairs, and 4 Queen Anne small chairs, upholstered in variety of damask and tapestries, £31 10s., and mahogany circular occasional table £2 10s. SEND **20/-** ONLY
Group complete, £39 15s.
20/- Monthly After.

MELFORTE UPRIGHT PIANO

Rosewood finished case. Iron frame. Compass 7 octaves. Pure and brilliant tone. Light touch. Price 44 gns. SEND **20/-** ONLY
20/- Monthly After.

MELFORTE CONSOLE

"Goldenphone" Model. Finished in antique oak. Large Record cupboard. Double spring motor with 12 in. turntable. "Grandtone" Sound-box, metal amplifying chamber. Height, 2 ft. 8 in.; width, 2 ft. 1 in. £7 10s. SEND **7/6** ONLY
7/6 Monthly After.

COUPON for Catalogues. Please strike out those you don't want.

(i.) Gramophones. (ii.) Pianos. (iii.) Furniture.

NAME .....

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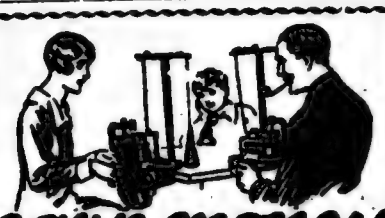
J.B. 16.3.....

Cut out and post in unsealed 3d. stamped envelope to DRAGES LTD., 230, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1.

Open from 9—6.30 (including Saturdays). Close Thursdays at 1 p.m.
Next door to Holborn Tube Station. 'Phone: Holborn 3655



earn money at home like this

Here is a profitable hobby to banish dullness these cold nights, when the fireside is the best place. Such a fascinating hobby, too, knitting beautiful things on the Imperia Knitter to bring money for holidays and happiness when the sunshine comes again. You can make a pound or two pounds a week just in spare time, and always have money for the things you want. We show you how to work the **IMPERIA KNITTER**, and at once you can begin to earn. There is no risk about it, no worry, no uncertainty of any kind, because

We Guarantee To Buy Your Work

at good rates, or you can sell to private customers and shops as well if you want to, and so build up a splendid little home business, with a sure income for life. All sorts of beautiful and useful articles can be produced from Hosiery to Jumpers and even Knitted Costumes. You may do a little now and then and have money to save, or you can make it your occupation and earn

A Good and Regular Income

as hundreds of others are doing. Always there is the certainty that your work will be bought as fast as you produce it. Our WORK-BUYING GUARANTEE goes with every machine, the cost is most moderate, and, if you desire it, easy terms can be arranged.

Don't Miss This Chance

The **IMPERIA KNITTER** is the latest perfection of Knitting Machines, imitated but never equalled. Its speed is wonderful, its work perfect, and it is so easy to operate. If you can't call at our showrooms and see the **IMPERIA KNITTER** in action, write without delay for

Beautiful Illustrated Free Book

Read it, study it. It opens up a sure way to a regular income for man or woman at all times, freedom from money worries and the risk of unemployment.

Imperia Hosiery Manfg. Co., Ltd.,
(Dept. J.B.3) 245, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON, W.1.

Mrs. E. J. Harris, Church House, Upper Sapey, Nr Worcester, whose varicose leg is completely healed

'Healing is Believing'

Tormented with varicose leg Mrs. Harris found complete relief in Clarke's Blood Mixture. To other sufferers she recommends the remedy that has been famous as a Blood purifier for more than 70 years. She *tried* it and proved its worth. Benefit by her experience. Just as good for Abscesses, Swollen Glands & Eczema. *3/- per bottle—Six times the quantity, 12/-*

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FREE *to Sufferers from* **RHEUMATISM**

Send post card to Cephos, Ltd., Blackburn, for free trial of 'Cephos,' which never fails to bring relief in all cases of Rheumatism and Lumbago. 'Cephos' is sold at 1/3 and 3/- Of all Chemists and Stores. Powders or Tablets.

A FREE SAMPLE OF Cephos THE PHYSICIAN'S REMEDY

"There was No Room . . . in the INN"

and no roof for the unmarried mother

Luke ii. 7

"No room!" Grief-stricken, sick in body and in mind, that is all too often the tragic message to despairing unmarried mothers of this country who knock in vain on the doors of the maternity hospitals.

It is not that they are unwanted. It is not that they are victimised for lack of a wedding-ring and a marriage certificate It is not because of a scarcity of tender hands to care for them.

There is no room. That is the truth; and a bitter truism it is, too. In London, particularly, the wards of the institutions are full to overflowing.

At Queen Charlotte's, perhaps the most famous and popular of maternity hospitals, some thousand expectant mothers were perforce refused admission last year. Many of them were single women needing special care.

Breeding suicides

Indeed, the pressure on accommodation at Queen Charlotte's may be gauged from the fact that during the year 2,375 in-patients were dealt with in the seventy-seven beds available! *Of these some three hundred were unmarried mothers.*

The same problem perplexes the City of London Maternity Hospital, which serves a vast and over-populated area in the East End.

Here, when we consulted an official, we discovered that there were more patients actually on the premises than there were beds to accommodate them.

What more striking proof could there be of the broken hearts and frenzied despair that all too often lead to the coroner's terse verdict, "Suicide while of unsound mind"?

Found out!

Proof, too, of why many a half-demented girl, after a secret and sordid confinement, finds herself in a prison-cell for having taken the life of the child which she thought no one in the world would welcome.

And here is poignant evidence of why young women, realising with horror that there will be "nowhere to go" when the fateful day arrives, resort to the evil remedy of consulting abortionists, with results they will never be able to forget.

On humanitarian grounds this lack of accommodation for the prospective mother is grave enough, but from the viewpoint of the social worker who is in daily contact with the seamy side of the nation's life it resolves itself into an appalling national scandal.

The plight of thousands of girls and young women who have been "found out" is more than pathetic. It is painful. So much so, in fact, that Commissioner Catherine Booth, daughter of the founder of the Salvation Army, was loth at first to discuss the matter.

A very new arrival at Queen Charlotte's Hospital

"If I did," she said, "it might result in a flood of new cases being sent to us, and all our homes are already full."

Terribly tragic are the stories brought to the matron of Queen Charlotte's, Miss Edith G. Dare. Pitiful are the victims of misplaced love who come to her with their confidences, begging her to see them over their "bad time." They have come from all parts of Europe. Recently there was even a girl from India!

We know of one particular case at Queen Charlotte's that must wring the hearts of all who hear it.

Mrs. Philip Snowden takes an active part in the management at Queen Charlotte's

A young woman arrived at the hospital begging for admission. She saw the matron and told her tragic story. Her baby would soon be here; she had no money and nowhere to go.

When they put her to bed they found that she had not a stitch of clothing underneath her pretty dress!

Another poor girl to whom the matron sent a gift replied that it was the first parcel she had ever received in her life. A third, who was similarly favoured, confessed that she was "down to her last twopence."

The amazing letters of gratitude received from unmarried mothers who have passed through the maternity hospitals provide in themselves convincing proof of the need of more such places where crushed and broken girls may go, confident that they will be cared for at a time when they are physically and mentally helpless.

Cruel mercy

The case-books of social workers are filled with ghastly little cameos of girls "gone wrong," and of their subsequent sufferings.

There was a young girl who, in her despair, decided to end her troubles by throwing herself under a train. She had been betrayed, literally in body and soul, by her lover. There was no one to whom she could turn.

As an express thundered towards her she dashed herself down on the line, seeking escape from her sorrows under its remorseless wheels. She was not killed, however. At the hospital both her legs were amputated, her baby was born in due course, and to-day she is self-supporting.

Wonderful, perhaps; but what misery would have been averted had that poor girl known that there was room in plenty for her in the wards of a maternity hospital, where she would receive every attention.

Georgina was an Irish girl. She faced her trouble alone, but finally, in despair, decided to abandon her little one on a doorstep.

From tree to cell

Eager to ensure that the baby was taken in, she climbed a tree in order to keep watch, with the result that she found herself in the hands of the police. An understanding magistrate handed her over to the care of a woman rescue worker, but her fate might have been jail.

Had she been able to have taken her troubles to an ever-open hospital she would never have appeared in the dock.

Sometimes the butterflies on the wheel are the victims of circumstances too dreadful almost to print.

Such was the case of a clever little girl of fifteen, who was ruined by a lustful stepfather. But for the immediate intervention of an organisation more or less unknown her plight would have been a dreadful one.

Ellen was a shopgirl who had "fallen" for the second time. Her first baby had died, and now, disowned by her parents, she did not know where to go. At one institution she was rejected as it was her second child and she was unmarried.

They drift . . .

Her confinement took place in an attic bedroom, and only the chance visit of a friend saved her life. But the wretched mother was quite unattended.

These girls come from all walks of life. Many are well-educated and of good parentage; but they drift from home rather than face the disgrace.

They cannot and must not be judged by their stories and their appearances. Suffering the agonies of motherhood, they must be taken in and cared for.

There is no need further to emphasise the dangers of the present overcrowded state of the maternity hospitals. There must be more and more beds, until such time as no single derelict mother-to-be is met with a heart-breaking "No room!"

• • •

The most amazing murder on record! See "The People" next Sunday!

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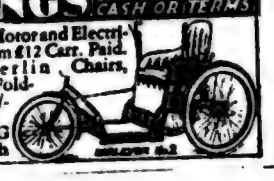

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BEST & PUREST

His Household is TERRORISED by a WITCH

—How can he break his mother-in-law's spell?

HERE are some Problems of Life sent by readers and dealt with by "Humanist." Now or later you will be confronted with a problem which may trouble you. "Humanist" will deal with it through the post. Send stamped addressed envelope. For the three most poignant documents published the Editor will pay £2 2s., £1 1s., and 10s. 6d.

MINE is a problem of magic, or so I, at any rate, believe. The miserable story is as follows: Some years ago my brother, who had never previously shown any addiction to drink, came home like a veritable madman and proceeded to smash things about.

He so terrified my father and mother, who are both well stricken in years, that they had to seek refuge with a neighbour. I, who lived at home also with my wife and family, was out at the time.

Fortunately, my brother did not attack the kiddies, but when my wife tried to stop him from doing damage to the furniture he hit her. She is very delicate, and the whole affair sent her into a state of nervous prostration.

In this condition she went to her mother, who lives not far away, and from this point the real horror commenced. My mother-in-law fell into a terrible rage at the insult offered her daughter, and called on heaven to curse my brother and allow her revenge.

I THOUGHT little of this at the time, though it frightened my wife, who declared that she always knew her mother had terrible powers.

I laughed, but revised my opinion when quite shortly afterwards my brother became seriously ill. My mother-in-law smiled darkly, and said, "That's only the beginning."

My brother recovered, but the first time he went out afterwards a lorry struck his bicycle and he was thrown under the wheels and killed. This so pleased my mother-in-law that I openly accused her of witch-work, and she as openly admitted it.

She says she often plays the witch to get her own back on people who offend her or hers. She says it is a power which runs in her family, and if I don't toe the line and treat my wife as she ought to be treated I shall be similarly cursed.

It has upset me horribly. I feel uncomfortable now whenever I feel my mother-in-law's eye upon me, and I shall be thankful indeed if you can tell me what to do or whether there is anything in this kind of witch-work.

"HUMANIST" says: There is nothing whatever in such curses, and your mother-in-law is merely "pulling your leg" in confessing to "witch-work."

Laugh at her claims to magic power. Ridicule is the best weapon against so vindictive and stupid a woman.

A BLACK SHEEP

unjustly condemned

I AM a member of a prominent trade union. I am also a shop steward, which means that I represent the trade union at the factory where I am employed.

I am single, and my married brother works in the same shop as myself. So much depends upon my reports to the Union Committee that I have, for a number of years, enjoyed the very full confidence of my fellow-workers.

The thorn in my side is one man among the factory hands, well known as a trouble-maker.

On one or two occasions I have summoned this stormy petrel before the committee, but always his defence has been that I have a grudge against him.

This, of course, is absurd, but the committee has given him another chance, intimating that if further trouble occurred it must insist on his removal.

Well, the trouble came. There was a very grave infringement of the firm's regulations, and all enquiries and collected evidence pointed again to this "stormy petrel" as the aggressor.

On the matter being reported and further enquiries made, my union suggested to my employers that trouble would be never-ending while this man was in the place. They agreed, gave him the sack, and he lost a good job.

Now comes the dreadful sequel. Last night, visiting at my married brother's home, he confessed that he had committed the offence which was the immediate cause of the "stormy petrel's" dismissal.

He laughed as if it were a good joke, declaring that it had turned out well, as the factory was now rid of a nuisance. But I am not so sure.

I am afraid of it leaking out, and that my brother, who has a wife and children to support, will get the sack.

How can I right the wrong? Is it wise to have back such a disturbing factor at any price? If so, how can I get him back without incriminating either myself or my brother?

"HUMANIST" says: Tell the truth and leave the consequences. Surely you do not propose to let an innocent man rest under a wrong done by your brother? Take the honourable course and clear up the matter with your employer. In the end I do not believe that either you or your brother will suffer for it.

"DADDY'S" GIRL

is a misfit

WHY, oh why, was I born a girl? I am the youngest of three girls, and when I arrived, because Daddy always longed for the son that had been denied, he claimed me for his special pal.

As I grew up he always had me about with him, helping him in odd jobs about the house and garden. On holidays he took me out fishing.

I am not unnaturally boyish; I do not affect mannish clothes, but I am a lover of nature and passionately fond of all sports and outdoor games. Through this love of sport has grown my ambition to be a reporter.

I am working as a typist in a newspaper office, where, seven years ago, I was fortunate enough to get a post as junior. Now I am a senior, but I realise that my heart is not in my work.

I feel I am standing still. There is no more room for advancement, for the next step is that of being a journalist.

I have, under a nom-de-plume, contributed short paragraphs to my own paper, but not sufficient to make a living. Yet I am positive I could if only I had the time to prove it.

I have asked for advancement twice. The first time I was told I needed more experience before I could undertake reporter's work. The second time I was told, concerning still another branch of the business, "It's not the sort of thing a girl could do."

Yet I don't want to be a typist all my life; I want to learn more of the scientific side of publishing.

Something so urges me towards this and yet I am so constantly thwarted in every effort to rise that I feel there must be something amiss. Is it the handicap of being a girl? Or what is wrong?

"HUMANIST" says: Your attitude to your work is wrong. Probably your employers realise that your "heart is not in it," and so are not likely to single you out for advancement. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might" is quite a good motto for business life, and the rule by which successful people have always got on.

Talk of "sex handicap" in these days of women's freedom sounds ridiculous. If you have talents for any special line use them. Genius doesn't wait for "time" to do things. It makes it.

Friendship

needs no symbol,
or vow to make it
whole, it's just a sacred
covenant that's locked within the
soul; it knows no creed or station,
or thought of gain or fame, for
what it does is sacred,
and is done in
friendship's
name.

TOO-PROMPT "YES"

spells misery

A TOO-PROMPT "Yes" brought about my downfall. In [illegible] I was married to one of the best men our town boasted. He was at the time serving with the Forces, and when a son and heir was born to us our cup of joy brimmed.

But this was not destined to last. When baby boy was no more than four months old my husband was put on night duty at an outpost in a bitterly cold region. He caught a chill that ended in death in a military hospital.

So, all within two short years, I found myself first wife, then mother and finally widow.

I had settled down to a quiet, restricted kind of life, when one day I met an old school friend. He was also unmarried, and when one day my friend popped the question, I promptly said "Yes."

Hardly was the marriage knot tied than my second husband showed his claws.

When a second child was born, a little girl, he brought a young woman in, explaining that she was a friend of his mother's. I discovered later that it was a girl he had been going out with for months.

Things got so bad that when I was well enough I applied for a separation, but I got no relief. This has happened twice. Finally, he lost his job.

MY sorrow came when my little girl last week was taken to hospital with very little hope that I should ever see her out again. My husband does not care. He uses my absences to enjoy the company of his "fancy lady."

Yet when I applied despairingly once again for a separation, the magistrate merely refused, saying that as my husband was on the "dole," it was impossible for him to keep two homes running!

I heard to-day that my little girl is dying. When she, poor darling, is gone, must I still submit to my intolerable position?

And, since his "lady love" is in and out of the house whenever my back is turned, is it good for my boy to be brought up in such an atmosphere?

"HUMANIST" says: It is not fair. Since you already must work to keep the wolf from the door, see that your earnings are not wasted. Make a home elsewhere for yourself and the boy. Then use the evidence you have secured as ground for divorce.

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The Queerest JOB I KNOW

IT was Easter Sunday, 1917, in Flanders, and we had just turned in when the R.S.M. called for twelve men—sharp!

I was one of the dozen who shortly after tramped through the frozen mud to a certain cross-roads where a crucifix stood.

The job was to "fell" the heavy cross and to re-erect it 200 yards higher up the hill—so that the enemy gunners might be out-manœuvred.

Five hours later we returned to our blankets after a job which I have always regarded since with very mixed feelings.—*Ex-Northumberland Fusilier, Nottingham.*

Milking Snakes

I called at a farmhouse in Australia seeking work. The boss asked me if I knew anything about snakes. Answering in the affirmative, I followed him to a long annexe to a harness-room.

In it he had rows of boxes, each containing a snake, and all venomous. I was offered the job as keeper at £1 a week and all found.

My duty was to extract venom, which is known as "milking." I did it for six months, and received only three bites.—*H. C. Pain, London.*

Underground "Draper"

In a Lanarkshire coal-pit, thirty-five miners working in a "wet section" employ an old man as "clothes-dryer."

His duties are to scrape wet clay off the clothes and to dry them on the steam pipes underground. He is known as the "Draper." By mending and patching, the "Draper" earns "extras."—*William G. Whyte, Linlithgow.*

Lonely, but Interesting

The Scottish ornithologist must reside for months at a stretch in loneliness, amid rocky heights, and in situations of danger, exposed to the elements, in order to watch and make record of all the birds which inhabit the place or pass by.

A more lonely and monotonous occupation can scarcely be conceived, yet one of great interest withal.—*Mrs. E. F. J., Gloucester.*

Penny a Squeak

A man called at my door recently, whose job is not only queer, but, I should think, unique.

He reminded me that my gate had a "squeak," and offered to remedy it for a penny. He'd clean the door brasses for another penny, he said.

He carried his equipment—oil-can, rags and polish—in a fish basket.

Many of his prospective clients, he told me, preferred noisy gates because they heralded a visitor's approach!—*A. R. Sturdy, Leeds.*

Catching the "Rabbits"

A gamekeeper once employed me to make rabbit holes! I had to dig by the roadside and in the adjoining fields in order to make the land appear as if it were overrun with rabbits.

Here and there I was told to erect notice-boards: "Shooting to let. Apply ——."

Hundreds of motorists used the road and many were glad of an opportunity of a few days' sport!

My work occupied me a week, during which time I saw only two rabbits! I was paid £12—and told to disappear!—*J. S., Newcastle.*

Painting the Maggot

Our town boasts a "maggot breeder"—a young woman who buys inferior meat which she leaves exposed to the visits of "blue bottles."

When the maggots which result have developed sufficiently, she places them in vessels containing bran, in order to fatten them and to harden their skins.

After colouring the maggots, she sells them at threepence a handful to local anglers, and many a full creel is the result of this damsel's queer job.—*Angler, Nuneaton.*

Living by Striking

My brother is a "match-striker" for a big match-making concern. He has to see that the matches, when struck, give a clear and steady light.

One would think that the act of striking matches day in and day out would at length make one go on strike oneself.

My brother, however, likes the job, and is well paid.—*R. Johnston.*

A Spoof Spook

An acquaintance of mine was once employed by a wealthy gentleman of strange habits to act as his "family ghost."

During dark winter nights it was his duty to don a white robe and a mask and to walk around his employer's isolated mansion, clanking a chain.

In the spring and summer, similarly attired, he had to sit in a big curtainless window in front of the entrance to the building, where he was sure to be seen by anyone visiting the place day or night.—*Dalesman, Cumberland.*

Not So Silly

Being unemployed, I gladly accepted the offer of a few hours' work to empty an old disused well.

My employer brought a hamper, asking me to put the water in it. I did as I was told, but thought it a queer thing to have to do—in fact, I thought he was leg-pulling or insane.

He stood by me for a time, saying nothing. Presently he looked inside the hamper and exclaimed "That will do," at the same time picking up a very valuable ring. Then I understood.—*C. W. Callow, Worcester.*

The "Clincher"

Recently I met a man who stated that he was a "clincher," and seemed surprised at my ignorance of what was to him, and to several others present, an established occupation.

I found out that his job consisted of bringing buyer and seller together at local fairs and "clinching" bargains.

For this service both parties to the transaction hand the "clincher" a small discount.—*Wm. Henderson, Belfast.*

After the March

During the war I acted as assistant chiropodist, and I shall never forget the double row of bare-footed Tommies waiting to have their feet examined.

Great feet, small feet, flat feet, cold, lifeless feet, all in pairs; they seemed to have a being of their own. I used to dream of them, and would seem to hear them flopping about overhead in the night.—*John Swinnarde, Ashford.*

Those Fractions!

An old lady of my acquaintance advertised in the local paper that she would help children with their home lessons for 7s. 6d. a quarter.

Her house became crowded, night after night, till now she has to employ an assistant, and her appointments have to be made in advance.

My happiest memories are of the days when, as a motherless bairn, I snuggled into her lap and learned those dreadful things, "fractions."—*Alfred McGillivary, Banff.*

Another Advice Service

In the window of a small house in a village in Scotland is a card bearing the words "Jane Scott, Advisory." The lady of the establishment will, for a small fee, give advice on any subject whatever.

She will tell you how to get your parrot to speak; how to fill up your income-tax paper, or how to darn your husband's socks. Practical demonstrations are also given in the home.—*Mrs. T., Scotland.*

* *

Letters in Little

Walking three miles to a labour exchange, three times a week, and being paid 18s. for it, is the queerest job I know!—*W. S., Birmingham.*

I know a man who spends his time sorting out small nails from large ones by candlelight at night.—*Just Lad, Dalston.*

To hold a position as hangman in a country that professes Christianity seems to me the queerest job a man can have.—*A. E., South Shields.*

My first job was in a dog soap factory, where I had to hold the tablets before a boiling kettle in order to give them a glossy surface!—*J. S., Kent.*

Sacco, the professional faster, had the strangest job I know. This was to be a possible source of income for the unemployed miner, but he, no doubt, would be embarrassed at having to starve in public instead of in the privacy of his own home!—*Lawrence Thorp, Manchester.*

What of the "Flat"?

THEY'RE OFF!

BOOKMAKERS and backers will be at grips in deadly earnest when the curtain rises at Lincoln for 1929's flat-racing campaign.

At the moment the new season is full of good omens and appears likely to satisfy the most jaded appetites.

There is every reason for believing that the incubus—the crippling Bets Tax—will, at last, be swept away.

Spice is to be added to the racing by several bright invaders from the Continent and America.

It is on the cards, too, that bookmakers will have to compete against the "Tote," or its slow and laborious substitute, the Pari-Mutuel. The general opinion is that, in the long run, "the old firm" will have the greatest appeal.

Reigh Count, Uncle Sam's "crack," is here to lift the Ascot Gold Cup and other rich prizes. Mike Hall is coming from the States with our big back-end double in view.

M. J. Wittouck, the Belgian millionaire, has sent a string of horses to Braime, one of our Wiltshire trainers, and intends to race under Jockey Club rules on a big scale.

Gordon Richards, champion jockey for the past two seasons, and likely to complete the hat-trick

The French, judging by their entries, hope to capture many good prizes.

Naturally the enterprise of these invaders entitles them to the best of luck, but our Fairways and Felsteads will assure them of many a battle royal.

Where do jockeys go in the winter-time? Those upon whom fortune bestows its favours choose Switzerland and the South of France. Others combine business with pleasure by riding in Egypt and India. Little Gordon Richards, the champion jockey of the past two seasons, is fit for the fray as the result of a holiday in the Alps.

We, for our part, are ready to assist the man who makes the great game possible by paying the piper, but who has little say in calling the tune—the long-suffering punter.

Our Free Advice Service is his to command if racing queries need solving, betting disputes righting, or the bona-fides of bookmakers be in question.

Our Letter Parliament

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited, as also are letters on any topic about which you feel strongly. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. Mark envelopes "Letter Parliament."

MY FOUR-FOOTED PAL

A new chocolate! 6D

It is called Cadbury's Chocolate Sandwich. Although made in block form each detachable piece is a complete fancy chocolate with a most delightful centre. One of the finest sixpennyworths in the shop.

5 VARIETIES

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CADBURY'S CHOCOLATE SANDWICH

FOR STYLE & COMFORT.

The Ambron —Belted— Corselette

SENT FOR 1/- DEPOSIT

Fashion's latest thought is expressed in this beautiful corselette. It is a model for figure culture and luxurious comfort, embodying every latest improvement and at the price is undoubtedly the last limit of bargain value.

See It At Home. And Try On.

You can see it and try on for 1/- deposit, and I urge you to do this that you may realise what a lovely creation it is. Modelled to perfect lines of figure grace, it supports as corset and brassiere combined, while the underbelt adds that delightful uphold which relieves weight and so greatly improves carriage.

Full Price Now Only **8/11** Instalments If Preferred.

The Ambron Belted Corselette combines the advantages of corset and brassiere in one with the added support of an underbelt to correct any fullness and relieve weight. It is modelled in strong striped Coutille, with surgical elastic inset on hips and spiral supports continuous down back. The underbelt fastens with 7-inch busk of its own, there are shoulder bands to regulate bust height and six suspenders. Suitable for any figure.

B.C. BARGAIN COUPON.

Please send me on approval, with option of instalment terms, a new Ambron Belted Corselette at present bargain price of 8/11. My measurement is:

BUST (over light underwear).....

I enclose 1/- deposit, with 4d. postage, and will remit balance of 7/11 either in one sum or by weekly instalments of 1/- or more.

State Bust measurement and enclose Coupon with name and full address and postal order crossed thus: / /.

Sizes range from 30-in. to 46-in. Bust.

JOHN BULL, 16/3/29. No. 409.

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AMBROSE WILSON, Ltd., 402, Ambron House, 76, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W.1.

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No matter how deaf you are, or how disappointed you have been with artificial aids—we urge you to give the Danjhill Aural Massage Treatment a practical test. This treatment operates directly on to the hammer and anvil bones of the ear. It is between these two delicately poised bones that adhesions take place owing to catarrhal or other conditions, so that the chain becomes incapable of conveying sound to the auditory nerve. Aural massage breaks down these adhesions and stimulates the nerve-centres and thus restores normal hearing. It has done this for hundreds of others. WHY NOT FOR YOU?

Read these extracts from letters received

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"I am pleased to say I am now much better and as I have only used it three weeks I am sure it is doing good."

14 DAYS' free trial without deposit

To convince you what this treatment will do we will send it for 14 days' home trial absolutely free so that you may test it at our expense. SEND NO MONEY. LET A TRIAL CONVINCE YOU.

Send only this advertisement—with your name and address and the instrument will be sent to you—without obligation.

There are no hidden conditions. We trust you—and have complete confidence in this treatment. If you keep it you can send the price 45/- in one sum, or 5 monthly payments of 10/-. If it does not improve your hearing you can return it. We cannot be fairer than that—DON'T DELAY—SEND NOW.

E. J. HILL, Ltd., 14, Danjhill House, 267, Gray's Inn Rd., King's Cross, London, or 483, Chester Rd., Manchester.

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3/- deposit and it is yours to use

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This handsome, bright mahogany-finished Cabinet Gramophone, 3½ ft. high, fitted with powerful double-spring motor and full-size floating interior all-metal amplifier, is yours for only 3/- deposit. Full natural tone and enormous volume. Carriage paid on 7 DAYS' APPROVAL. Purchase completed by easy monthly payments graded to suit your pocket. Write for new Illustrated Art List. 44 models to choose from. Portable Gramophones from 1 guinea. Ask your dealer to demonstrate. He can arrange terms.

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SINGLE-SPEED MODEL, is a genuine 'thoroughbred' at a price never previously attempted. From start to finish it is of most dependable quality, every component part being of proved merit. It is the essence of cycle perfection

Read the Specification and judge for yourself.

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RENOLD CHAIN, HALF-INCH PITCH.

Pump, Tool Bag, Spanners, Oilcan

Frame is rust-proofed, enamelled Black & Coach lined (or All Black if desired). Ladies' or Gent's Model same price.

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A first small payment brings the table, carriage paid, free of transit risk and on 7 DAYS' TRIAL.

FOR 14/- DOWN you can have your own perfect billiard table, a 6ft. replica of Riley's famous full-size Billiard Tables. Cash Price £11 15 0. This table rests comfortably on an ordinary dining table and after play can be stored away until the following evening. The balance of the purchase price is paid monthly.

If the 6ft. size is not convenient, there is sure to be one amongst the following:—

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You want a cycle—a good cycle—a reliable cycle to ride now. Then get a Mead—you couldn't do better. Guaranteed for ever. Sent carriage paid direct from Factory
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Write to-day for Illustrated Catalogue of 20 New Models
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A SAFE WAY TO STOP INDIGESTION

Indigestion is such a common ailment that many people use the first thing that's handy to stop it. They frequently use ordinary bi-carbonate of soda, never realising that although this frequently stops the pain, it is doing incalculable harm to the stomach lining and may even cause stomach ulcers. The best, safest and surest remedy for digestive troubles is a little 'Bisurated' Magnesia in a quarter of a tumbler of water after meals, which not only corrects the trouble at its source, but soothes, heals and protects the stomach lining. The moment you take 'Bisurated' Magnesia it neutralises the excess acidity, prevents fermentation, and that's the end of indigestion. Your chemist sells 'Bisurated' Magnesia at 1s. 3d. in both powder and tablets, the one and only 'Bisurated' Magnesia that doctors recommend and hospitals use, because it is as safe as it is effective.

NOTE: 'Bisurated' Magnesia powder is now available with Mint flavour as well as in the unflavoured form—both afford instant relief.

HAIR-GROWING DISCOVERY

I was bald. My hair grew anew, as shown in the portrait. Many persons—both men and women—who were completely bald have grown a full crop of beautiful hair by using KOTALKO

Marvellous and speedy growth of hair has been reported even when falling hair, dandruff and baldness have existed for years.

A testing box of KOTALKO may be obtained by sending threepence in stamps to JOHN HART BRITTAIN, LTD., 2, Percy Street, 53 N.K., London, W.1.

THE FATAL KISS

A 'Flu Tragedy

"Win"

Fretting to Death

"WIN," a fair, slender girl of 26, has just lost her husband with tragic suddenness, after ten days' illness with the 'flu.

"He was a good, conscientious man," she says. "Very sensible. He would never let me get into debt.

"When he was working, he used to give me his packet of money—unbroken. He never spent a farthing on himself. Everything was for his wife and children."

In fact, it was heroically borne poverty that really killed him at the age of 30.

When he met a long stretch of unemployment, he used, his wife says, "to worry shocking," for, not only were his wife and kiddies on his mind, but his widowed mother and delicate sister, to whom he gave help when he could. There were times when they ran out of food from Saturday until Tuesday.

After one extra long spell of unemployment, he found night work as a car washer. After six weeks he caught 'flu. His wife believes he caught it from her, as she was suffering from it when he kissed her "Good-night."

He struggled to work before he was fit. Within two days he collapsed. He grew worse, and was ordered to hospital.

In hospital he fretted ceaselessly, "because," his wife explains, "he knew he was dying, and leaving us destitute.

"He wouldn't let me stop with him at the hospital, but told me to go home to the children. So I left him, and his last words were: 'Win, I can't see you.'"

"The Greatest of These—"

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to* The Hon. Secretary, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. *Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

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(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

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STOP INFLUENZA
A COUGH, COLD or BRONCHITIS

and that is by taking Powell's Balsam. A few doses taken betimes will arrest what would otherwise be a heavy cold. Powell's Balsam quickly allays throat irritation, stops the coughing, heals the inflamed tissues, and strengthens the chest, throat, and lungs against further attacks. Powell's Balsam is the recognised remedy for Bronchitis, Asthma, Influenza, Coughs, Colds and all Throat, Chest and Lung Troubles. It contains no dangerous drugs whatsoever, and can be given with safety to children and invalids.

Dear Sirs, Manchester.

I was in the grip of a severe cold on my chest and throat. I decided to try a bottle of your Balsam. After the first few doses I experienced very great relief, and by the end of the week I was absolutely rid of all trace of my trouble. I shall always be pleased to recommend your efficacious remedy.

Yours faithfully,
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THE CENTURY OLD CERTAIN REMEDY
for BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, INFLUENZA, CROUP, WHOOPING COUGH, COUGHS AND COLDS, SORE THROAT, ETC.
1/3, 3/- & 5/- per bottle. From Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, Harrods Selfridges, Whiteleys, all Chemists and Stores.
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LAST TWO WEEKS OF FAMOUS OFFER
BLANKETS GIVEN AWAY

In two weeks' time Britain's Best Bedding Bargain offer will close. Until then we shall continue to give ONE PAIR of FULL-SIZE ENGLISH-MADE WHITE WOOLLY BLANKETS FREE with every Monster Bedding Sale. IN ADDITION to the pair included in the sale. Do not miss this last chance, but send at once and avoid disappointment. Satisfaction or money refunded.

ONE Art DOWN QUILT (in good quality Sateen cover and panels).
PAIR of ENGLISH-MADE WHITE WOOLLY BLANKETS, whipped and bordered.
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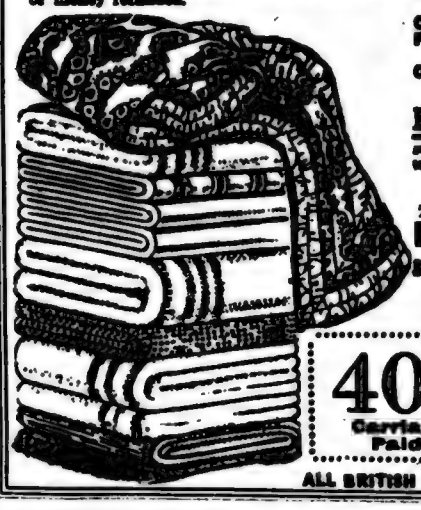

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This Sale can be purchased by easy instalments. Send for particulars.
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40/- Carriage Paid. Free
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Stop the maddening, never-ceasing ache that accompanies flu—in a few minutes! Rub on this clean, white ointment. The tingling, soothing warmth penetrates deep down, draws out the inflammation, stops the pain. *At all Chemists.*
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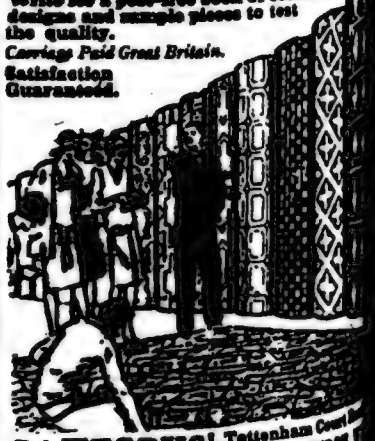

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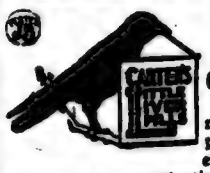

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Purely Vegetable
move the bowels without pain or unpleasant effects. They relieve the system of constipation poisons which cause a dull and aching head. Remember there are a doctor's prescription and can be given with absolute confidence to every member of the family.
All chemists, 1/3 and 3/- pkgs.
The genuine bear the signature
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

Write to "John Bull" about it!

The EDITOR Replies

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service.

Remember that our Service specialises in financial advice. The small investor receives expert and safe counsel on his worries.

S. L. (Rochdale).—"At any rate, I now what's what." And that's that.

C. S. (Balham).—"I have half a mind ot to finish this letter." You only had alf a mind when you started it.

T. A. (Nottingham).—"Having noth-ng to do I write you this letter." Having othing to say—why did you?

C. C. (Neath).—"My father said he ould knock some sense into me." And ound he could not!

W. B. (Leicester).—"I have told all I now in this letter." You could have ot it all on a postcard.

H. M. (Portsmouth).—"Will you give sensible reply to a sensible letter?" es. But where is the sensible letter?

O. W. (Brixham).—"People grumble bout Army rations, but how often has soldier died of starvation?" Only once.

"AUTHOR" (Champion Hill).—"Which my short stories did you read with ost satisfaction?" The shortest.

ETHEL K. (Swansea).—"Is a manne-uin's an easy job?" No; it's always a earing occupation.

F. T. (Taunton).—"Having given up oking, I claim I can give up any-ing." Except talking about it.

B. V. (Bristol).—"I want to get to e top." Then get to the bottom of ings.

A. P. (Morden).—"A woman's face is r fortune." And a man's cheek is equently his.

K. W. (Luton).—"I am getting out an portant work of fiction." Your in-me-tax return?"

G. B. (Bradford).—"I was broken by marriage." Then you must have en cracked when you got engaged.

W. M. (Southsea).—"My complexion going to pot." Probably it is return-g whence it came.

P. T. (Alnwick).—"I often change my nd." Perhaps one day you'll get a d one.

Mrs. T. (Loughton).—"I never have a ner-party of thirteen." Have you y a dozen knives and forks?

D. K. (Howden).—"I can't think why don't make any headway." For n't" substitute "must."

S. S. (Tottenham).—"I earn £4 a k, and how much do you think my e expects for the house-keeping?" a week.

T. T. (Glasgow).—"If a man is of a arrelsome disposition can you tell it his face?" Quite. And if you tell it his face you will probably prove it.

F. F. (Dundee).—"I got the idea, hed home, dashed it off, and posted What do you think of my style?" hing.

D. D. (Norwich).—"I was the only rant to finish in the two-mile cross-ntry race." Thus proving that you e the best in the long run.

J. J. (Ashford).—"Flying is surely of the most peaceful of pastimes." cept when you find it's landing you in uble.

VA C. (Roehampton).—"He never kiss me, because he says he con-rs kissing insincere." Mere lip-ser-, so to speak?

R. R. (Newcastle).—"What would pen if England should go dry?" tchmen would go North—jokes about nchester would go flat—and umbrella s would go broke.

S. S. (Hastings).—"My friends advise to sing 'All by yourself in the moon-t.' Do you?" Yes. Sing all by rself in the moonlight. That should se your friends.

F. N. (Poole).—"What is it that makes golfers so irritable?" Golf, of course.

V. P. (Marlow).—"Few people recog-nise opportunity." Especially when it's disguised as hard work.

E. W. (Langley).—"You are always after the politicians." On the contrary, we're ahead of them.

T. Y. (Wadhurst).—"None but the brave deserve the fair." And none but the brave can live with some of them.

M. S. (Farnham).—"She is always throwing herself at my head." She seems to know your soft spot.

S. J. (Putney).—"Engaged couples ought to have special clubs." Come, come; this isn't the Stone Age.

DOCTOR (Purley).—"Onions build you up physically." Yes, but they drag you down socially.

D. L. (Barnes).—"What did you think of my poems?" They had neither rhyme nor reason.

D. J. (Salisbury).—"I should like to call your attention to two grievances." Two wrongs evidently make one write.

Mrs. H. J. (Redditch).—"I shall soon be keeping my fiftieth birthday." After all, nobody else wants it, we suppose.

C. L. T. (Gosport).—"Blue eyes are a sign of weak will." Black ones, of course, are a sign of weak defence.

B. H. (Tenby).—"Most people eat far more than they think." Some people would starve if they didn't.

M. G. (Teynham).—"Times flies and Easter will soon be here." Then our calendar is right.

T. V. (Lynton).—"What is the most severe test of friendship?" See if it will stand a loan.

O. K. (Derby).—"I have discovered the most useful of all measures." The golden rule?

K. T. (Ventnor).—"The enclosed will show you what I can do as a verse-writer." On the contrary, it shows us what you can't do.

C. W. (Kew).—"The spring fashions will be full of quaint eccentricities." You've no right to speak of ladies in such an ungallant manner.

B. W. (Whitefriars).—"We all like our women folk to keep their schoolgirl complexions." And not leave them on the shoulders of men's coats.

Mrs. K. (Anerley).—"My daughter actually speaks of her father as 'old bean.'" What do you want her to call him—"young pea"?

S. P. (St. Ives).—"I often wonder what I should have done without legal advice." Anything from six months to ten years, no doubt.

M. F. (Chatham).—"The crystal-gazer told me that he could see me riding in a state carriage." Don't worry—they say prison vans are much more comfortable than they used to be.

G. M. (Brondesbury).—"A beauty specialist advertises that a long face can be made to look shorter by a course of special massage." But only till the patient gets the bill for the treatment.

P. J. (Sutton).—"I am the most miserable woman in the world." Have you no troubles to speak of?

H. D. (Lincoln).—"Our weather has made us what we are." But surely we can't be as bad as that?

N. R. (Bognor).—"Intelligence has just reached me." What refreshing candour.

C. T. (Louth).—"In our family we have an hereditary belt." No doubt it descends from father to son.

O. T. (Salford).—"What is the next best thing to coming of good stock?" Owning plenty of it.

L. W. (Preston).—"Some women grow old before their time." Trying to look young after their time.

H. M. (Leicester).—"How can I get on the stage?" Make a dash when the stagedoor-keeper's back is turned.

L. T. (London, N.).—"The hero of my novel is a bit of a fool." You shouldn't speak disrespectfully of your publisher.

L. F. (Blackheath).—"I wield a power-ful pen." You do. Your full stops puncture the paper.

T. B. (Sevenoaks).—"I am so busy that I can only write you a short letter this week." Keep busy.

S. L. (Manchester).—"As I write, it is raining." Write us when it isn't and give us a thrill.

F. N. (Tooting).—"The English girl is fresh-complexioned." She is—several times a day.

T. J. (Chenies).—"The palmist said she couldn't read my hand." What did she suggest? Soap?

H. E. (Manchester).—"One of the new plays is making its author £200 a week." Try a new play on words—it may bring you £500 in *Bullets* this week.

C. V. (Barmouth).—"In my opinion, every man over thirty has at least one novel in him." And that's usually the very best place for it.

D. K. (Evesham).—"Can you advise me how to spend half a day in London?" Travel from Charing Cross to the Bank by 'bus.

C. J. T. (West Ham).—"You can picture me at Easter on the rocks in Cornwall." Shall you like being hard up so far from home?

V. H. (Chatsworth).—"The man gave me a simply dreadful look." Are you sure you haven't had it for a long time?

J. W. (Fulham).—"I agree with C. B. Cochran that the public are getting tired of these skinny, wraith-like actresses." Well, it's always up to their managers to provide them with fat parts.

C. L. (Hoxton).—"I am out of work. Will you give me a trifle for my wife and children?" Call here and we will give you a trifle, but you can keep your wife and children.

S. T. (Kentish Town).—"Thousands of animals are skinned every year to provide fur coats." And don't some of them grumble when they get their cheque-books out.

E. N. (Havant).—"I have not found wisdom in marriage." But maybe you've acquired a few wrinkles.

N. A. (Kew).—"He is always shaking cocktails for himself." He evidently has the courage of his own concoctions.

Mrs. M. (Grendon).—"How can I stop my baby from sucking his thumb?" Muzzle him.

FRED (Bognor).—"I have not been myself lately." And do your friends appreciate the improvement?

D. G. (Golders Green).—"Although I say it, I think I play a ripping game of snooker." We hope you play on your own table, that's all.

T. R. (Bursiem).—"I have a very quaint mug which has been in the family for years." Well, well; features are often hereditary, aren't they?

C. L. (Derby).—"A man recently wrote me a threatening letter demanding money." Why don't you pay his bill?

J. Y. (Portsmouth).—"The impresario tried my voice for a moment and then asked me rudely what I had come there for." It seems pretty evident that he didn't try your voice as much as your voice tried him.

(*Many replies unavoidably held over.*)

Side Slips

Examples of genuine unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Obvious printers' errors not wanted. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Slips."

"POPPY'S PAPER":—"She sank artistically back in her chair, covered HER HANDS with HER FACE and wept."

"WESTERN EVENING HERALD":—"Nearly 9,000 personal letters and recruiting leaflets have been sent to EVERY new woman voter."

"HACKNEY GAZETTE AND NORTH LONDON ADVERTISER":—"Young girl to MIND BABY; opportunity to LEARN TRADE."

"NORTH-EASTERN DAILY GAZETTE:"—"The bedding caught, and excepting that it WAS ENTIRELY DESTROYED very little DAMAGE WAS DONE."

"HULL EVENING NEWS":—"Nights could be made pleasant by ELECTRIC GAS FIRES."

"THE PEOPLE'S FRIEND":—"EXTRACTING only what he required for bare necessities, Colin sent his first pay INTACT home."

"SOUTH WALES ECHO":—£100 to £20,000 available for lending on sound properties, with or WITHOUT easy REPAYMENTS."

"TUNBRIDGE WELLS COURIER":—"Cross-examined by Mr. Graham Hooper (for defendant), witness agreed that if he WAS SHOOTING VERMIN defendant would NOT REQUIRE A GUN."

REMARKABLE BLUE SERGE SUIT OFFER for 3/- DOWN!

IF YOU WANT TO BE WELL DRESSED — COME TO ME

DEAR SIR,

I have created a reputation with these fine Suits. I have already sold many thousands, and my customers are highly delighted.

They are perfectly tailored, well cut, ready to wear bespoke Suits, trimmed and made in my own workrooms. Suits that are built with character, and guaranteed to give every satisfaction. In Blue Indigo Serge, guaranteed fast dye. Price 55/-.

I am able to make this splendid offer because I am being supported by the woollen mills who serve me direct, and save a middleman's profits.

Send me your lowest measure and height, also only 3/-, and agree to pay me 5/- per month, and I will send you a suit that will fit you perfectly. If you are not satisfied, I will return your deposit.

Yours truly,

"MY SIGNATURE YOUR SAFEGUARD." John Blanford

John Blanford

Dept. J.B.H.,
119-129, BUNHILL ROW,
LONDON, E.C.1.

"ONCE A CUSTOMER —ALWAYS A CUSTOMER."

Lucky Man! wife who saved £100 in a year tells you how.

"Tom would n't hear of my staying on at business after we got married, though we knew there'd be little left for saving once our regular expenses were paid. As a matter of fact, I soon found out that things would be really serious if I couldn't do something myself to help matters along. It wouldn't have been fair to Tom to go back to business again, even if my old post hadn't been filled; but I realised that I just MUST ease the strain of the constant dipping into our small savings to meet the payments on our house, furniture and insurance, as they fell due. I could see that as our nest-egg dwindled Tom got more and more worried, though he never said anything. Then I had a wonderful stroke of luck! In 'John Bull' I saw an invitation to women like myself to write to The Secretary, Room 29K, 97, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.1, for full details of the way in which to earn that extra money we could so well do with. You can guess I did n't waste any time. And by return I received the information that has changed our whole life and future prospects. Within a few weeks money worries were things of the past. My earnings have helped us out a dozen times in the past year, and wasn't Tom surprised when I showed him my bank book last week!"

Readers who follow my example and write to The Secretary, Room 29K, 97, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.1 will receive by return of post full interesting details of modern woman's best way of earning extra money in spare hours in her own home.

AFTER YOU ARE FORTY.

Needs of the Middle-Aged.

It has been said that a man is either a fool or a physician at forty. For the average man it should not be difficult to be healthy and in his prime at that age. With the weaker sex the case is different, for middle age is liable to bring with it anxieties and health trials.

Whether the individual be man or woman, loss of vitality at this time of life is often noticeable, and many ailments follow in its train, including headaches, backaches, indigestion and nervous debility. If you are over forty and feeling your age, you can gain new vitality by taking Dr. Williams' pink pills. The reason is this: every ingredient in these pills is beneficial to the system, and among them is one important element that is absolutely essential if vigorous manhood or womanhood is to be maintained.

Start taking Dr. Williams' pink pills now, and see how soon they will give you fresh energy. If a man, you will know the joy it is to be strong; if a woman, you will be gratified at your bright, womanly health. All chemists sell Dr. Williams' pink pills, 3s. 0d. box—nothing else will do.

FREE. Everybody should read the valuable health guide "The Way to be Well," sent free to all who write to C.E. Dept., 36, Fitzroy Square, London, W.1.

ADVANCE CLUES OF 'JOHN BULL' CROSSWORD No. 5.

We give below advanced details of JOHN BULL Crossword No. 5. Entry Forms for this Crossword, for which a £50 Must-be-won prize is offered, will appear in JOHN BULL next week.

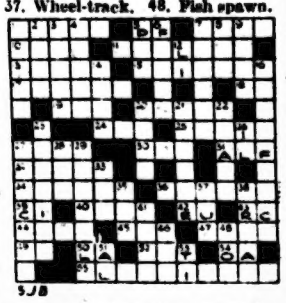
Be sure to enter this week for JOHN BULL Crossword No. 4, which you will find on page 4.

CLUES ACROSS.

1. Smooth movement.
7. Eastern Chieftain.
10. A knob.
11. A huge number.
13. Regarding.
15. House decorator.
17. Common sense.
18. A personal pronoun.
19. Shelter.
20. Large pieces of timber.
24. Health giving.
25. Morning.
27. Submersed.
30. To cut off.
32. To arrange feathers.
34. Freedom of access.
36. Behind.
40. Want.
44. An island.
45. To lick up.
47. Growing timber.
49. Exclamation.
52. Animal.
55. Drowsiness.

CLUES DOWN.

1. To growl
2. Sole.
3. Perfect
4. Thick.
5. Seed.
6. Blaze.
7. Picture theatre.
8. Very warm.
9. Afresh.
14. Form part of the foot.
16. To strengthen.
20. Destruction.
21. Electrical unit.
22. Narrow piece of wood.
23. To supply.
27. Extraordinary
28. Free of deduction.
29. Centres of nuts.
33. Maiden name
35. Long fish.
37. Wheel-track.
38. Open space.
41. Small river fish.
46. Pulp.
48. Fish spawn.



Entry Forms in "John Bull" Next Week.

185 MORE CHEQUES FOR REGISTERED READERS

Our Great Family Free Insurance

A LITTLE home where all is contentment. Without warning, a stray spark may set it ablaze—storm or flood create havoc—sickness or accident exact a heavy toll. Every day "John Bull" is paying cheques for calamities such as these. Is *your* home protected? Could *you* draw on "John Bull" for a cheque under its Great Free Family Insurance?

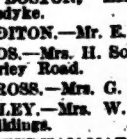
185 cheques paid this week—over 40,000 cheques paid in all—isn't this wonderful proof of the comprehensive and practical benefits offered? These benefits are now wider in their scope than ever before—they cover the family—father, mother *and* the children.

"Our house was burnt out and we barely escaped with our lives. . . . I have now registered," says a Blairgowrie reader. "I only registered four days before the fire, which proves that everyone should register," writes a reader living at By Alloa. These are extracts from letters typical of thousands received. Don't they prove conclusively that you may need some day the protection which "John Bull" offers? Why not sign the forms below now?

Owing to lack of space we can give the names of only a few who benefit this week.

FIRE UP TO £400

LIVERPOOL.—Mr. WM. PRUNTY, 49, Knocklaid Road, Tue Brook.
BIRKENHEAD.—Mr. WM. DOUGHERTY, 2, River View, New Ferry.
TOTTENHAM.—Mrs. EKE, 104, Paxton Road.
Nr. BOSTON, LINCS.—Mr. H. DOUGHTY, Fosdyke.
CREDITON.—Mr. E. M. RUGG, 122, High Street.
LEEDS.—Mrs. H. SOWERBY, 43, Denison Street, Burley Road.
KINROSS.—Mrs. G. MICHIE, 21, Mill Street.
MORLEY.—Mrs. W. THOMPSON, 19, Whittaker Buildings.
Nr. NEEDHAM MARKET.—Mrs. A. W. HUGHES, Church Cottage, Battisford.
SLAITHWAITE.—Mrs. E. J. MILNER, Heatherands, New Heys, Scammonden.
HATFIELD, HERTS.—Mr. F. DRAGE, 14, Stockbreach Road.
WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.—Mrs. F. PRINCE, 33, Lancaster Avenue.
OXFORD.—Mr. J. GABBITAS, 12, Mill Street.
DUNDEE.—Mr. J. GOURVAN, 31, Princess Street.
GREENOCK.—Mr. R. GILLIES, Railway Cottage, Bridgend.
CRADLEY HEATH.—Mr. J. CHATER, 21, Paint Cup Row, Dudley Wood.
MALTON, YORKS.—Mr. C. HESELTINE, 1, Zetland Terrace, Norton.
ABERDEEN.—Mr. R. COWIE, 25, Jamaica Street.



STORM! FLOODS! UP TO £300

LONDON, N.16.—Mr. A. BUCKLEY, 91, Wellington Road.
WASHINGTON STATION, Co. DURHAM.—Mr. R. BROWELL, 21, The Parade.
LLANGADOCK.—Mr. D. C. DAVIES, Pantmeredith Farm.
ST. COLOMB.—Mrs. C. PARSONS, Dinham House, The Bridge.
BRIDPORT.—Mrs. E. A. BLANCHARD, West Bay Hotel, West Bay.
TYNE DOCK.—Mrs. A. BRADLEY, 30, Dock Street
SWANAGE.—Mr. G. HOWE, 10, Eldon Terrace.
ABERTILLERY, MON.—Mr. G. ASHELFORD, 122, Tillery Street.

SICKNESS BENEFITS £3-8-0

LLANELLY.—Mr. JOHN THOMS, Cwgor Farm, Llangennech.
NORWICH.—Mr. P. W. PALMER, 1, Pelican Yard, Pitt Street.
Nr. BASINGSTOKE.—Mrs. J. W. LEVER, Devon Cottage, Deane.
ST. AUSTELL.—Mrs. F. WATTERS, Sentry, St. Stephens
ST. MARY, CAMBS.—Mr. T. HEATH, Bevis Lane, Wisbech.
Nr. CHESTERFIELD.—Mr. WM. SHAW, "Overdale," Bolsover.
JARROW-ON-TYNE.—Mrs. D. LIVINGSTONE, 124, Hope Street.
CASTLEFORD, YORKS.—Mrs. A. HAWES, 82, Ings Lane.
Nr. CASTLEFORD, YORKS.—Mr. H. HARDING, 15, Station Terrace, Allerton Bywater.
TREDEGAR, MON.—Mrs. A. ARTHUR, 7, Vale Terrace.
BOSTON, LINCS.—Mrs. E. WILLIAMSON, Manor Cottage, Fishtoft.
GELLYGAER, GLAM.—Mr. S. ROLLINGS, 13, Leicester Square.
SWANSEA, GLAM.—Mrs. S. HIGGINS, 35, Matthew Street.
THORNTON HEATH.—Mrs. D. CONWAY, 127, Bensham Grove.

ACCIDENT BENEFITS £3 PER WEEK

GREAT BRINGTON, NORTHANTS.—Mrs. E. J. RICHARDSON, New Cross Farm.
CARDIFF.—Mrs. H. H. REED, 144, Wellington Street, Canton.
Nr. BRADFORD.—Mrs. A. HANNAM, Spring Farm, Wilsden.
BRADFORD.—Mrs. E. OVEREND, 7, Newington Street, City Road.
NOTTINGHAM.—Mrs. E. A. HILL, 13, Ratcliffe Terrace.
LEEDS.—Mr. S. E. ROBINSON, 9, Whitfield Street, Hunslet.
BOLTON, LANCS.—Mrs. E. HOLT, 494, Bury Road.
SWINDON.—Mrs. E. LAMPORT, 69, Gladstone Street.
Nr. BARNSLEY.—Mrs. E. BENNETT, 19, Brooke Street, Hoyland.
WALLINGTON, SURREY.—Mrs. A. KIRBY, "Collingwood," Redford Avenue.

TOTAL BENEFITS PAID 40,100

CUT HERE

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To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

Date .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B., 16/3/29.

POST THIS COUPON TO
"John Bull," Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature
Age .....

Address .....

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Name and address of Newsagent .....

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..... Date .....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if 1d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B., 16/3/29.

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The following list is merely representative, and we ask you to fill in the coupon below or send us a list of your requirements.

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PHILIPS TWO-VALVE A.C. MAINS RECEIVER. Send only 24/-. Balance in 11 monthly payments of 23/-.
BRANDESET THREE. Send only 13/4, balance in 11 monthly payments of 13/4.
CELESTION C.12 SPEAKER. Send only 13/6, balance in 11 monthly payments of 13/6.
EXIDE 120-VOLT H.T. ACCUMULATOR, 1,200 m/a hours with crates. Send only 6/11, balance in 11 monthly payments of 6/11.

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Our Catalogue contains all leading makes of Receivers, Accessories, Kits of Components for the Home Constructor.

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STRONGFORT Builder of Men

You have no apology for being a weakling—a make-believe man—one who is laughed at, gossiped about, despised. It is your own fault if you are weak, nervous, despondent, ailing or complaining. You can be the kind of man you want to be—the kind that all admire and respect. No matter how badly you have neglected yourself, what your excesses or your conditions, I can build you up through

STRONGFORTISM

I have helped restore to health and strength thousands of men who thought they were down and out. Some of them marvellous results from sleeplessness and alarming weakness. I built them up by methods I feel sure will build my own body into a perfect specimen of physical health and strength. I use no drugs or dangerous apparatus to achieve my great successes. Do not despair. There is hope and radiant life for you if you will listen to me. Write me to-day. Tell me your troubles and I will help you. MY FREE BOOK of startling facts about the human body that will open your eyes. It is priceless.

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Free Confidential Consultation

Mr. Lionel Strongfort, Strongfort Institute, Dept. 537, Newark New Jersey, U.S.A.—Please send me absolutely free my copy of your book, "LIFE'S GREATEST TREASURE—STRONGFORTISM." I enclose 6d. in stamps to cover postage, etc.

Name .....
Age ..... Occupation .....
Street .....
City .....
Country .....

FINE BULLETS FIRST—THIS WEEK ONLY

OTHER PRIZES £50 £25 £20 £16

£500

OTHER PRIZES £12 £10 £9 £8 £7 £6 £5

5 OF £1 | 50 OF 10/- | 500 OF 2/6 | 8,000 TARGET PRIZES

ENTY-ONE BIG PRIZES!

H the close of *Bullets* Fourteen Prize offer on Saturday, March 16th, another nsational series of one-word o'fers commences, with even more attractive ts than those with which the year began. This week comes a substantial f £500, followed by a series of 595 graded prizes from £50 to 2/6.

y week is a good week for new competitors to commence, and they will find aking *Bullets* is easy. Take one of the *Examples* on this page, add any TWO, E or FOUR WORDS of apt and original comment, and a *Bullet* is made. A f the winning *Bullets* on this page will show you how to win one of the one big cheques now offered.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 706

FIRST PRIZE OF £300:

Mr. T. DAVIES, 22, Trafalgar Road, Ebbw Vale, Mon.

Example:—The Vital Question

Bullet:—Land—Useless "Begging It."

ECOND PRIZE OF £50:
BUTER, 7, Grove Crescent, Kingston-on-Thames.
—The De-rating Bill.
New Bill—*Worse* Hole.

HIRD PRIZE OF £30:
BIRMINGHAM, 2/18, Aston Street, Birmingham.
—!——!"
UDDERSTOOD, Over Stubs.
ered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

OURTH PRIZE OF £20:
RIGHT, 48, Cholmeley Avenue, Scotland.
—Jealousy
"Monster"—But How "Beast."

IFTH PRIZE OF £10:
R HAGNAB, 6, Hawkins Drive, Shaw, Glasgow.
—It Seems Impossible, But—
Frozen Pipes "Thawed" Nonsensical.
ered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

10 Prizes of £5 each:
RGAN, 8, North Main Street, Cowbridge.
Hands Wanted!"—Mabel: "Ridiculous!" "Disgusted."
. Godwin, 11, Francis Road, Wanstead.
Hands Wanted!"—Pasted Over Broken Eyes.
ELL, 9, Jenner Road, Barry, Glam.
Be — Spoilt—Tell Barry Artful.
AM, 5, Princes Road, Eastbourne, Sussex.
Of Science—Substitute for Telephone Usually.
ARKES, 947, Ecclesall Road, Sheffield.
A Sneeze—Sandy Passing Watson's Hat.
2, Beaconsfield Road, East Twickenham.
HE World—Frozen Out—Thawed Out.
ROND, The Furlongs, Ballasalla, Isle of Man.
.
LTURE—Seldom Explains "Tantalising."
ER.
LAND, 16, Northwick Terrace, Blackpool, N.W.
Usually Happens—Pessimist—Optimist.
SPRAWAL—Grumbler.
, 93, Sydney Road, Raynes Park, S.W.
on Impossible, But—Wanted: Time To Spare?
UCK, 84, Victoria Road, Swindon.
E-RATING Bill—Industry—"Chamber of Mourning Taxpayer.

10 Prizes of £4 each:
ER, 260, London Road Ipswich.
-RATING Bill—Fat Finance Ministry Fun.
, c/o 40, Tay Street, Perth.
Of Science—Television—Yet Camouflage Spectacled.
ORE, 10, Crescent Road, Wimbledon, S.W.
"We're Squabbling—Over Trifles."
"Somebody's Winning."
AGGS, H.Q. 2nd R. York Regt., Aldershot.
DUSTRIES Need—Government "Pruning" Shed (!!).
, 169, Lee Lane, Horwich, Lancs.
AD: Wanted!"—"While "Hans" Wants.
ONS, North Dean, High Wycombe.
ARK—Garage Once—Where Girls Now.

A. J. Godfrey, 30, Waverley Road, London, E.
Agriculture—Crippled By Foreigner's "Corn."
Mrs. M. Haywood, 89, Grosvenor Road, Rugby.
"No Hands Wanted!"—Hang Over Exposed Meat.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)
W. J. Kellett, 3, Grange Terrace, Shotton Colliery, Co. Durham.
"——!"—When We're "Having Words."
Miss S. Moat, Wigan Road, Standish, Wigan.
The De-rating Bill—First "Humorous Programme" Broadcast.

ALL PRIZES HAVE BEEN POSTED.

A list of 25 £2 and 50 £1 winners will be published in "Bullets Bulletin," a copy of which will be sent to all prize-winners. A list of 400 5s. and 1,500 2/6. Prize-winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

Any reader can receive a copy of "Bullets Bulletin," our new help for competitors, on application to the "Bulletin" Dept., "John Bull," Long Acre, W.C.2, enclosing halfpenny stamped addressed envelope.

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to John Bull and crossed "*& Co.*" Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

4. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible.

ADVANCE DETAILS FOR "BULLETS" No. 710.

First Prize five Guineas—Second Prize £30—Third Prize £15. Ten prizes of £5—20 of £2 10s.—25 of £1—50 of 10s.—500 of 2/6—8,000 "Target" prizes.

If Baldwin's Wise—The Old Lion—Wise Electors—Seeking Fame—When Her Book's Turned—Too Many Candidates—Out In The Cold—She's Got The Vote, But—Right Thing To Do—Good, Bad, Or—He Promised Her—Windy—Anxious To Help—When Everybody's Asleep—A New Way—"You Idiot!"—If I Were A Young Man—Worse Than Ever—Meat And Drink—Her Happiness—Shop Assistant—Seething—British Brains—Lawyers' Office—When Someone Else Pays—If We Had A Mussolini—Beyond Me—Going Down To Posterity—No Crime—Fate The Jester—When A Man's Starving—Who Will Win?

(Closing Saturday, March 23.)

Choose from these Examples

PLEASE, MR. CHURCHILL—
THE GR.TICS
I'VE GOT A FAMILY, SO
OUR TEACHERS
SHE SMILED SWEETLY, AND
BEAUTIFUL SPRING
HARDLY REASONABLE
FAITHFUL TO THE LAST
DEMORALISING
ONLY JUST
GREATLY EXAGGERATED

BREAKFAST — DINNER — TEA—SUPPER
HEARTLESS
GRAND OLD MAN
SPELLBOUND
SHOWING US THE WAY
RASH MOVE
FOR MYSELF
HAPPY ENDING
SEEMS A LONG TIME
NOT VERY HOPEFUL

"SPARE A COPPER!"
THE CORNER-STONE
IN CASE OF EMERGENCY
ANYONE CAN SEE
IF I HAD THE CHANCE
MORE OFTEN THAN NOT
PELTED TO PIECES
NEVER
"JIX" AND "DORA"
BRIGHTER DAYS
IS MARRIAGE A SW.DDLE?

Example _____ Closing Date, SATURDAY, Mar. 23.
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(709) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, SATURDAY, Mar. 23.
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(709) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed _____
Address _____

Use Two, Three, or Four words. Enter name and address on each coupon.

Example _____ Closing Date, SATURDAY, Mar. 23.
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(709) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, SATURDAY, Mar. 23.
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(709) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed _____
Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Address Coupons: "Bullets" No. 709, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 706 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

The original cheques for £300 awarded to the late First Prize-winners in Competition No. 706 will be shown in the windows of Messrs. J. W. Bedford, 14, Parm Road, Darlington, and Brooks, 69, King Street, Jersey.

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Biliousness	Healthy Appetite	In 10/15 MINUTES
Depression	Buoyant Energy	In 10/15 MINUTES
Exhaustion	Energetic Activity	In 10/15 MINUTES
Disordered Stomach	Bodily Comfort	In 10/15 MINUTES
"Nerves"	Calm Delight	In 10/15 MINUTES
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Feverishness	Normal	In 24 HOURS
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